

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## A NEW CHANCE FOR OUR COAL?

See  
Page  
Two

### TEN THOUSAND SHIPS A YEAR THE PROUD RECORD OF ANTWERP

Wonderful Volume of Shipping  
Arriving in a Port

#### THE OLD SAILING DAYS

Antwerp has been greatly excited over the coming of the ten-thousandth ship to enter its harbour in any one year. What a vision it brings to the mind of the ships of the ages!

A marvellous volume of human history is wrapped up in the story of Antwerp, for its annals touch mankind's progress at a thousand points during its twelve centuries of fluctuating fortunes.

It lights up the Dark Ages with the flaming brands of the Vikings who burned it 1200 years ago. It sets the stamp of humility upon glory by the example of its ruler, the immortal crusader Godfrey de Bouillon, who, when the Normans were first sinking their talons deep in the soil of England, was refusing the crown as King of the Jerusalem he had gained for Christendom, saying he could not wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn one of thorns.

#### The Father of Antwerp

Columbus is the unacknowledged father of modern Antwerp. His discovery of America caused a shifting of the world's commerce from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and Antwerp supplanted Venice as the first port for all the world's ships and became the richest city in Christendom. Then, in the name of religion, Spain ruined the city, burned its buildings, tortured and scattered its people, sending companies of its talented weavers to England to found our great silk and other industries.

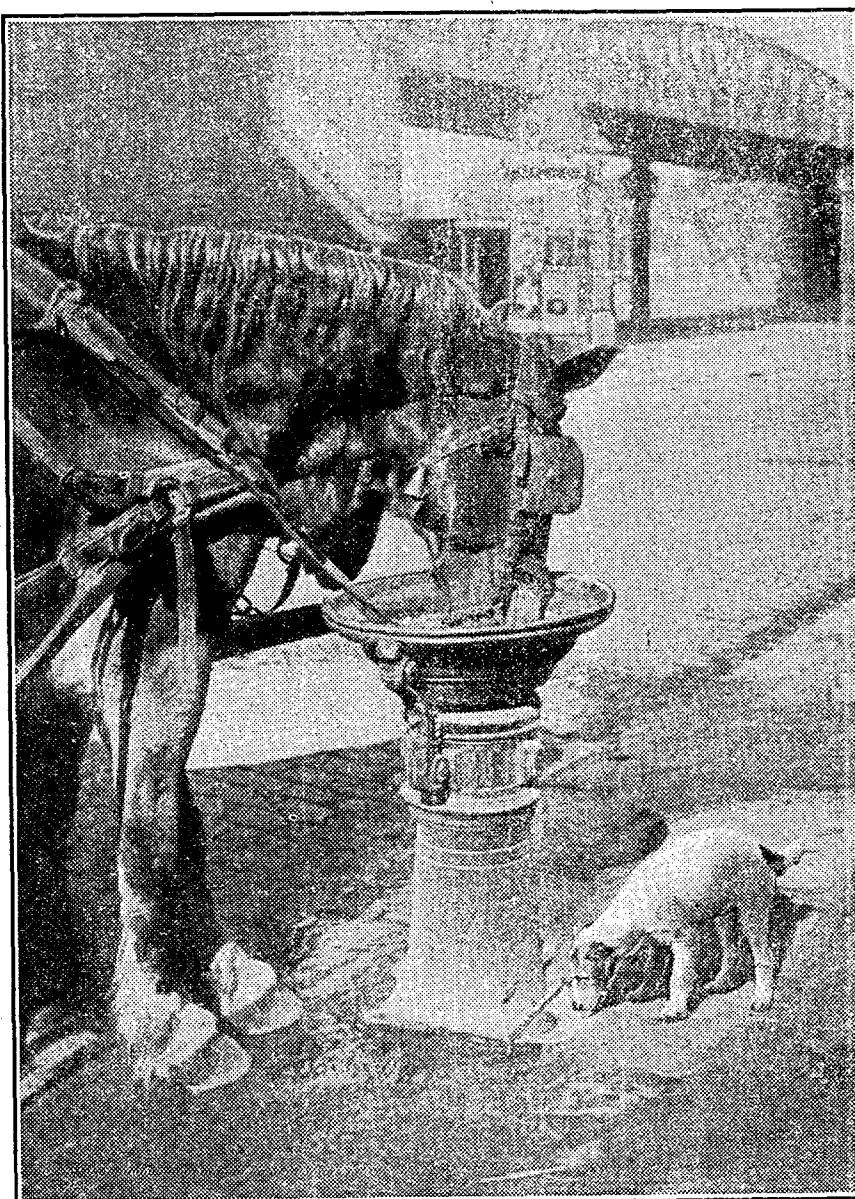
Whoever fought in Europe Antwerp has always bled for it. The wars have always turned on possession of the Netherlands in general and of Antwerp as its strongest place in particular. International trade politics closed the mouth of the Scheldt against this mighty port fifty miles and more from the sea.

#### Free Use of the River

It sounds incredible today, but it is only sixty-three years since Belgium, assisted by other Powers, paid £480,000 to Holland for the right of this enormous centre of world traffic to the free use of the mouth of the river on which Antwerp is built.

We are slowly learning that prosperity begets prosperity, as poverty, spreading like a disease, begets poverty. So we welcome the ten thousandth of Antwerp's berthing ships in 1926 in the name of all the caravels, the galleons, the frigates and clippers, the windjammers and ocean liners, which from age to age have tied up at the quays of this ancient city. The very name of Antwerp means "at the wharf."

### Le Cheval et Le Chien



Paris has something new; at last it has remembered that its brave horses and its little dogs are sometimes thirsty, and now, for the first time, its streets are provided with drinking-cups for both. See page 3

### THE LORD MAYOR'S CRICK In the Lord Mayor's Coach

WE are very sorry to hear of the Lord Mayor's crick, and we trust it is gone by now.

London loves the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor's coach, and thousands of people stood for hours to see them go by on the great day. No one realised that it was very hard work for the Lord Mayor until he complained of a crick in his neck, but we can see it now quite plainly.

The Lord Mayor's coach is very dark inside, and unless the chief occupant shows himself continually at the windows he is not seen. On the day of the Show the coach went a great distance between crowds that were as thick on the one side as on the other. In order that everybody should see him the Lord Mayor had to put his head out of the window and bow. As soon as he had bowed to the right he had to swing round

and bow to the left. Try it sitting in an armchair for half an hour without stopping, and you will understand the Lord Mayor when he says he would rather make another two hundred at cricket, as he did a year or two ago, than take this ride again.

Perhaps the solution is an electric bulb inside the coach, but it will have to be very nicely done. No one must notice that electric light is illuminating a coach belonging to years when such contrivances were unheard of. On dark days of the 18th century there would have been link-boys with torches running alongside.

This is the only change in the coach that the public will allow. For the Lord Mayor's coach, outriders and all, belong to London, and who could bear to see one shred of the gorgeous old City ceremonial altered?

### TEA WITH THE CHIMPANZEES

#### Little Parties at the Zoo HANDING ROUND THE PLATE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The latest attraction at the London Zoo is the Chimpanzee's Tea Party.

The baby chimpanzees Clarence, Jimmie, and Bibi, and Jackie, an ape four years their senior, are being trained to sit at a table and eat their food like human beings.

At first these parties were arranged by the keeper occasionally for the benefit of a few visitors who take a keen interest in the Zoo's apes, but as the chimpanzees were quick to learn it was decided to teach them to eat all their meals in this way, and so entertain the public.

At ten in the morning and three in the afternoon a small low table and four small armchairs are placed in the chimpanzee sleeping den, and four enamel drinking-cups and four plates of food are put on the table. Jimmie, Clarence, Jackie, and Bibi are then called in.

#### Good Manners at the Table

Each ape takes its place at the table and has a long drink of milk, and Jackie then picks up a plate of food and hands it to his playmates. After that the chimpanzees help themselves, but there is no quarrelling over food, and from time to time the keeper tells Jackie that his friends have nothing to eat, and once more the eldest member of the household hands a plate round. The meal ends with another cup of milk, and the keeper then pulls the chairs away from the table and Clarence and Jimmie wait while Jackie goes to Bibi, the youngest, and helps her down from her chair.

When the party breaks up the apes shake hands all round and run off to play or to prepare for bed.

All four chimpanzees behave extremely well at these parties, but Jimmie has the best table manners and Jackie is the only one who can be persuaded to offer food to his companions. Enamel cups and plates have to be used because on the one or two occasions when china was provided the breakages were rather heavy, for the apes are somewhat inclined to be clumsy.

The parties are held in the North Mammal House at present, but a special cage is to be built for them.

#### AN IDEA WINS £2000

Anxious that their product might be branded with a stamped trade-mark, the walnut-growers of California seven years ago offered a prize of two thousand pounds for a machine to do this.

The reward has just been paid to two inventors, and now California walnuts carry their brand as California oranges do. The machine which won the prize stamps just over 2000 nuts a minute.



## GOOD NEWS FOR OUR COALFIELDS

GERMAN IDEA WHICH MAY SAVE THEM

Getting £3 Worth of Oil from £1 Worth of Coal

WHAT IT MEANS TO BRITAIN

After 15 years of untiring experiment a way has been found of turning coal into petrol at a price as low as that of the natural product.

That is the momentous announcement made by Dr. Friedrich Bergius, a Heidelberg professor, at an international conference at Pittsburg.

It means, if it is well founded, that all anxiety as to the exhaustion of the world's petrol supply is now removed, and that a new era of prosperity may be opened up for the British coal industry. A powerful syndicate of British chemical manufacturers and engineers obtained the right to exploit the invention in Britain some time ago.

### Liquefying Coal

Dr. Bergius states that from each hundred tons of coal there can be produced by his process 15 tons of petrol, 20 tons of middle-weight oil, 6 tons of lubricating oil, and 8 tons of lamp oil. What is left is not waste, of course, but valuable by-products; but for the oil alone at present prices £3 can be got for every £1 worth of coal consumed.

There is twice as much hydrogen in oil as in coal, and the new process consists of adding this extra amount of hydrogen to coal-dust and so "liquefying" it into oil. The coal is reduced to powder, and is projected into chambers through which hydrogen is passing at a pressure equal to the pressure of many atmospheres. The difficulty, now overcome, has been to build chambers or retorts strong enough to stand this enormous pressure.

The coal-dust comes out of the retort as a thick liquid like tar, and the remaining processes refine this liquid, producing various grades of oil.

The hydrogen is supplied from the coal itself, and a part of each batch of oil made is used to heat the next batch of coal-dust, and thus the process is continuous. Two large factories have already been built in Germany, with an annual output of a million barrels.

### A FLOATING ROAD

Bridge that Rises and Falls

The new floating bridge just opened for traffic by the Wallasey Corporation on the Cheshire side of the Mersey is proving very popular.

The bridge replaces the hydraulic lifts by which vehicles were raised and lowered to the level of the floating landing-stage at Seacombe, from which they entered the ferry-boats for Liverpool.

The use of the lifts caused much delay, and many people who would naturally have used the Seacombe route have hitherto gone by Birkenhead to avoid them. Even with this handicap, however, the Wallasey ferries have been transporting nearly 300,000 vehicles a year, and this figure is likely now to be greatly exceeded.

The bridge is 600 feet long and nearly 60 feet wide, allowing for three vehicles abreast. It is in five spans, linked to each other, and linked also to the solid roadway at the top and the landing-stage at the bottom. Each span is supported by eight steel pontoons. At low tide the bridge and its pontoons rest on a sloping concrete floor, but as the tide rises, and the landing-stage with it, first one span and then another rises too, till at the highest tide the whole road is practically level and afloat.

The road is guarded on both sides by massive concrete walls 35 feet high.

## THE CLEVER MEN OF OLD

HOW THEY MADE THE PEOPLE WONDER

The Mysterious Speaking Statues and the Opening Doors

THE SCIENTIFIC MAGICIAN

Very clever were the magicians of the old days of the world. In some things our own conjurers are much the same.

The practical men of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers have been listening lately to their President, Mr. William Reavell, unveiling some of the mysteries of the priests of Isis on the banks of Old Nile. Much of their magic was compressed air!

The Egyptian magician kindled a fire on the altar of the temple, and as the flames leaped higher and higher the heavy doors of the sanctuary swung slowly open, though no man's hand was laid on them.

It was quite simple. The altar was hollow. The fire heated the column of air within it, and this, expanding, drove water into a bucket. The bucket de-

### The C.N. Kinema

Another film for use with the C.N. Kinema Toy will be given away with next week's C.N.

As the demand for these issues is very great they should be ordered now.

scended under the weight and in its descent pulled a rope attached to posts hidden beneath the temple doors. As the posts were moved the doors swung wide.

Or, again, the heated air would act like the bellows of an organ, driving a column of air before it up a pipe concealed in the statue of Memnon, and the great image would drone forth an organ note through its stone lips.

One famous image was so constructed that the rays of the Sun falling on it moved the air within its organ-pipe interior, so that while the Sun shone it seemed to answer with a tuneful greeting.

These are some of the examples of magic that have come to us from the priests and soothsayers of the Pharaohs, and we cannot help thinking that our modern conjurers would have done better. But there are some mysteries that left no secrets behind them, and we may be sure that even Egyptian magicians knew how to create an atmosphere of credulity when they were performing their feats. One of the oldest of proverbs declares that the people like to be deceived, and it is very near the truth.

## A BRIGHTER WORLD FOR THE POOR

Good Music for All

The annual report of the People's Concert Society tells an interesting story.

The Society, of which that enthusiast in musical education Sir W. H. Hadow is chairman, has in the last year given 58 concerts in different parts of London, chiefly the poorer parts.

The music, chiefly instrumental but also vocal, has covered a wide range of the best. In cooperation with the L.C.C. it has been given in schools, and also in town halls, public baths, such institutions as the People's Palace, and, with much appreciation, in prisons and the Borstal Institute at Feltham.

There can be no doubt about the value of the work of the Society, and it would be extended if the funds were larger. They total about £650 a year, which leaves about £100 deficit. Mr. Henry E. Bury, of 47, Lincoln's Inn Fields, is treasurer.

## MOUNTAIN MOVES RIVER BED LIFTED FOUR FEET

The Rushing Torrent Down a Country Street

HOW A WELSH VILLAGE AWOKES

Troedyrhiwfawch, the famous moving mountain of Wales, has found a rival in Domen Fawr.

Domen Fawr frowns down on the mining village of Cwm, in Monmouthshire. Cwm is in the Ebbw valley below the town of Ebbw Vale, and the Ebbw River has hitherto flowed at the mountain foot at the side of one of the main streets of Cwm. Now, however, the mountain has subsided six feet, forcing up the river-bed, and diverting the river into the street itself.

A great crack has appeared in the mountainside big enough for a horse and cart to be driven through it, and a mighty torrent issues from it. A big shale tip at a mine's mouth in the mountainside has split in like manner and subsided into the river-bed. A concrete wall a foot thick has been lifted up and snapped off at its base.

### Houses Suddenly Flooded

Subterranean torrents, swollen by the heavy rains and doubtless helped by the mine workings, appear to have been the cause of the subsidence. The people had been warned by the local authority of the danger; indeed, the danger has been known for a long time, and people began to move elsewhere years ago.

New danger arose early one morning not long ago when the people awoke to find the rains at their worst, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the river ran four feet deep in the village street, inundating the houses. A rescue gang chosen in advance responded promptly to the watchman's call. First they rescued the old and bedridden, then they rescued the furniture. It was six or eight hours' work, and in this time a dozen houses were wholly emptied and another dozen cleared in their lower storeys. Pictures on page 3

## IRON CROSS AND C.M.G.

A Hero With Both

NEW PRIME MINISTER IN A BIBLE LAND

Jaafar Pasha-el Ashari, the new Prime Minister of Mesopotamia (or Iraq, as Mr. Churchill likes to call the old Bible land) is one of the most interesting enemies and allies England has had in the East.

He used to stalk about wearing the Iron Cross and the C.M.G. side by side on his broad chest, but when he was told that this was not usually done he laughed heartily, and removed the Iron Cross.

Jaafar Pasha fought with the Turkish armies against us in the Dardanelles in 1915, and afterwards commanded the Senussi in Africa. He was captured by the Dorset Yeomanry and imprisoned.

Like a hero of romance, he plotted to escape by a rope from his prison window, but he is a huge Arab, and the rope broke. The injuries received from his fall necessitated a long rest in hospital. During that rest he watched current events, and thought hard. At the end he asked to be made an ally of his captors.

The British trusted him. He gathered an Arab force and fought brilliantly on Lord Allenby's right flank. When he was decorated for his courage, loyalty, and generalship his guard of honour was formed by the Dorsets.

We hope he will make an honest and fearless Prime Minister.

There is an interesting article on his country in the new issue of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine.

## THE MAN WHO ASKED FOR £500,000

WHAT HE DID WITH IT

An Englishman's Great Work in Pharaoh's Land

HIS QUIET REVOLUTION

Among the many Englishmen who have worked for the regeneration of Egypt in the last half century not the least worthy was Charles Edward Coles, who has just died at 73.

He went to Egypt as Inspector of Police after ten years in the police service in Bombay, and then, from 1897 to 1915, he was Director-General of Egyptian Prisons. In those 18 years he revolutionised the whole prison system of Egypt, changing it from a byword and a reproach to a model for all the East.

### Rebuilding the Prisons

Money was his chief trouble in the early days. His predecessor had told him of his delight at being allowed to build two prisons, and had expressed the hope that some day he might be able to clothe and house all his prisoners. When Coles succeeded to the post he demanded the money he considered necessary to put the system in order.

He told the Khedive's Financial Adviser, an Englishman like himself, that he would require £500,000 to rebuild all the prisons and £150,000 a year to maintain them. He was told not to be absurd, or Lord Cromer would have to speak to him very seriously. Lord Cromer, the maker of modern Egypt, did speak to him seriously, but when Coles Pasha retired he was able to state that he had spent £480,000 on rebuilding prisons, and that his bill for their upkeep had become £160,000 a year.

### Facing Mutinies Unarmed

It was not only cleanliness, sanitation, and good food that he secured, but just treatment for prisoners and a chance of learning an honest trade. Several times he had mutinies to face, and he faced them unarmed and overcame them by force of reason and the power of personality.

He attributed his success in these encounters to his custom of holding regular parades to hear complaints and to his refusal of the support of the rifles of his subordinates. On one such occasion he went boldly up to a shouting crowd and was promptly surrounded. He invited them to sit down, which they did. Then he advised them to file off to their quarters. They hesitated, and then one of the ringleaders got up and said, "Our father having come, let us obey him"; and obey him they did.

## THINGS SAID

War cannot be mended; it must be ended. *Viscount Cecil*

It behoves foot passengers to use the footpaths. *A Coroner*

The prosperity of this country will surprise many in twelve months' time. *Lord Dewar*

Cabbage leaves and rotten apples litter the very doors of this cathedral. *A preacher at Southwark*

Sydney is the most sordid city I have ever seen. *Sir Bertram Mackennal*

We are masters of manufacturing but pupils in selling. *Sir Charles Higham*

Through every stratum of society you find the canker of gambling. *Dean Inge*

I have never yet been in any assembly of any kind in any country where I have not been told by the youngest how to do my work. *The Prime Minister*

The fact that it is impossible to be 100 per cent consistent is no reason why we should not be 50 per cent consistent. *Lady Clara Amessley*



## A FATHER TO HIS BOY

### RARE EXAMPLE OF THOUGHTFULNESS

Influence of a Life Cut Off by the War

### THE BIRTHDAY LETTER

A touching example of a father's thought for his boy reaches us from America. It is the idea of keeping in touch with a son from his sixth to his twenty-first year, even after death.

Invalided by the war, Mr. Stevenson felt that he could not hope to watch over the growth of his little son through boyhood; he anticipated an early death, and so he set himself the task of having a yearly birthday talk with the boy till he should be grown up. Now the end of the father's life, though not the end of his influence, has come. The father has died in a hospital. His little son Dick has reached his sixth birthday, and with it a letter has arrived for him from the father he will never forget.

### A Beautiful Act

On every birthday till he is 21 another letter will come, suiting the boy's growing years. They have all been written, and arrangements have been made for their automatic delivery year by year. A financial investment covers the lad's education up to 21. The first letter, which has just been received, tells him to love and take care of his mother.

Love has rarely conceived an act more thoughtful and beautiful. Who can doubt that from the mind which planned this fatherly device there will come very wise messages that will shape the boy's character?

Formal letters from fathers to boys were made into a warning when Lord Chesterfield wrote his frigid worldly maxims to his son, all with the spirit of a conventional etiquette. A letter of advice is sometimes a rather cowardly method of influence. Sincere talk, guided by the interplay of present feeling, would generally be so much better. But this American father found such talk could never be; and through him the letter becomes a lovely substitute which almost reaches the height of sanctity. That American father has given his little son a place in the hearts of tens of thousands who will read this story.

## 50,000 HAPPY PEOPLE The Paradise of St. Vincent

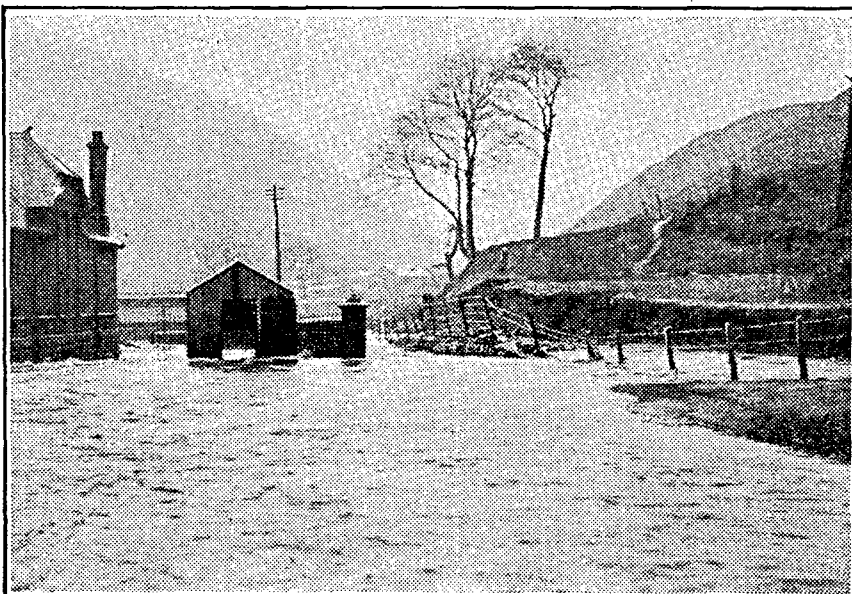
It should be Paradise to live in a little West India island, but man so often makes trouble where Nature has been most bountiful. Yet St. Vincent really seems to have some attributes of Paradise besides its natural beauty.

To begin with, out of a revenue of £62,000 about £20,000 is surplus, a result due to growing prosperity. What other State, large or small, can boast a surplus half the size of its year's expenditure? In addition there is a fully-invested reserve fund of £11,000.

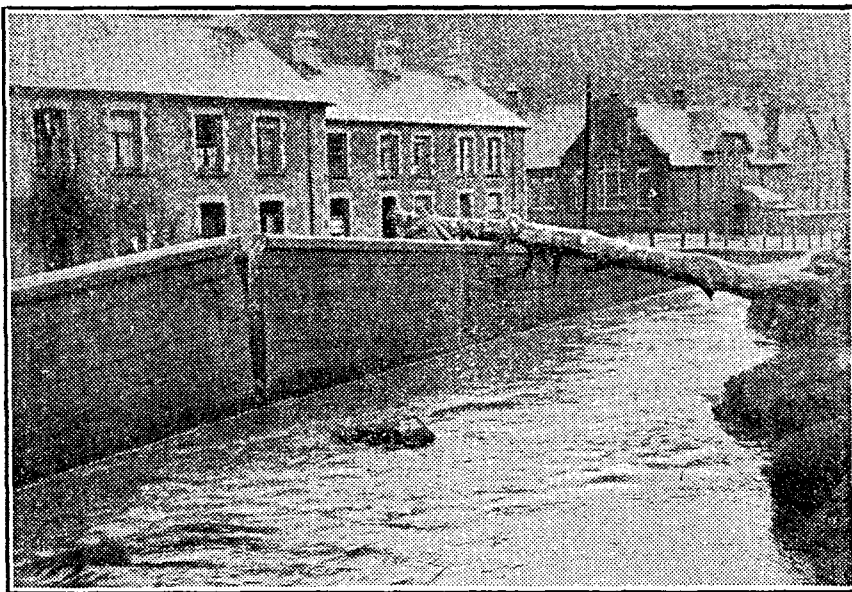
But that is not all. St. Vincent has had a new constitution granted to it, and a new Legislative Council was elected last May. There was not a single contest over the whole island! This, it is suggested, must mean that the voters were satisfied with the work of the old Council, and it may well be so, for in St. Vincent a great number of the people are peasant proprietors, and there is no surer way to contentment than a direct interest in the land.

St. Vincent is one of the smallest of all our colonies, about half the size of Middlesex, with a population estimated at about fifty thousand.

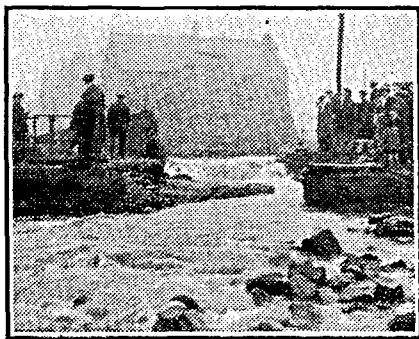
## THE MOVING MOUNTAIN OF WALES



The floods, with the moving mountain in the background



The river wall nearly swept away by the flood



Water pouring through a break in the river bank



Children removing furniture from flooded houses



A bridge broken down by the force of the water

A great landslide on the mountainside is menacing the Welsh town of Cwm, in Monmouthshire, and some of the inhabitants have had to be ready to leave their homes at a moment's notice. In these pictures we see how the town was flooded when the moving mass of earth diverted the river from its course. See page 2

## PARIS REMEMBERS ITS HORSES

Something New in the Old Capital

### A DRINK FOR DOGGIE TOO

The hurried passer-by in Paris has perhaps not noticed that there is something new in the capital; but the idler must surely have stopped before the little column crowned by a basin which is to be seen at the edge of some of the city pavements.

Is it the base of a statue? Is it a cup to hold some floral decoration? Is it a fountain? It certainly looks like a fountain, though no running water plays.

As the leisured spectator draws near he sees the explanation. A cart or horse-cab approaches. The horse comes toward the pavement; he seems about to step on it. Yet his driver does not hold him back; he even lets go the reins. The animal is free, and freely he approaches the little trough to drink from it. The spectator has understood, and he is glad for the horse's sake. Other passers-by have stopped to watch.

### If the Horses Could Speak

In Paris the horse has many friends, but nobody had ever thought of public water-troughs. The municipality had never officially thought that horses became thirsty! Now they can drink their fill of good, clean water, clear-running and fresh. If the good horses could speak they would certainly give thanks to their protectors, and the good dogs too, indeed, for beneath each horse-trough is a little basin for doggie.

It is all very familiar to us in England, happily, and we rejoice to see this new evidence of kindly feeling across the narrow waters. *Picture on page one*

## THE BUS BLOCK 70 YEARS AGO

Three Together all Down Regent Street

When the man on the omnibus held up by a block at Piccadilly Circus turns his head to look at the cohort of scarlet monsters strung along Regent Street behind him he sometimes feels something should be done about it.

He will not be the first to think so. Seventy years ago an indignant traveller from Bayswater wrote to his favourite paper to complain that following his omnibus along Regent Street were no fewer than three others. That is what omnibus racing had come to! The police ought to see about it!

What a change! In those days the Bayswater bus had a knife-board on top, to which outside passengers mounted by a ladder; the conductor stood on a step behind the door, which opened outward; there was straw to keep the passengers' feet dry on the floor of the bus. When Thackeray told the story of Pendennis in those days he introduced Miss Bunion, the poet, who, coming to the publisher's dinner-party, picked a straw from the rumpled skirt of her dress, and said, without false pride, what a comfort it was to get a bus ride all the way from Brompton for sixpence.

### CRUEL FOR TWENTY YEARS

Six weeks imprisonment was imposed on a seventy-year-old man the other day for cruelty to two birds, a linnet and a chaffinch.

These poor birds had been fixed to the ground with a swivel-stick as decoys to other birds, and the stick had rubbed away their feathers and left the flesh bare. Ten other birds had been netted by this means.

It was stated that the man had been making his living this way for over twenty years. A younger man who assisted him was fined five pounds.



## A FRIEND OF SHAKESPEARE

### MASTER OF THE KING'S BEARS

An Actor with Shakespeare who Paid Fivepence for His Poems

### FOUNDER OF DULWICH COLLEGE

All over the British Empire old pupils of Dulwich College, soldiers, sailors, pioneers, scientists, artists, have been sharing memories in common, for November 25 was the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of the founder.

Edward Alleyn, actor, man of property, bear-baiter, friend of Shakespeare and actor with him, son-in-law of the great parson-poet Dr. Donne, was the man, and for 300 years his bones have lain in the chapel of the college.

Alleyn's life typifies his age, and makes us better understand the varied threads of gold and tinsel interwoven in the fabric of Shakespeare's career. Son of an innkeeper and porter to Queen Elizabeth, he appeared on the stage before Shakespeare had gained a foothold in the theatre; and we have Ben Jonson's testimony that he was a great actor.

#### Alleyn and Shakespeare

His marriage to the stepdaughter of Philip Henslowe led to Alleyn's partnership with Henslowe in the Rose Theatre in Southwark; and to that theatre in 1592 came the company of actors of which Shakespeare was now a member. The association of the two men on the stage was not of long duration, but tradition links their names in several ways.

Many profitable theatrical speculations helped to enrich Edward Alleyn. He was a thrifty, God-fearing man; and he had no disasters. The Armada left him at his play-acting; the Plague saw him safely in the country, while his wife braved it out in London.

#### The Pirated Sonnets

He enjoyed music and he had a taste for letters, as we know from an entry in his careful accounts showing that on June 19, 1609, he paid fivepence for "a book, Shaksper Sonnets." That was the pirated edition issued in the previous month by the knavish bookseller, Thomas Thorpe, who had secured a copy from the manuscript of the poems Shakespeare allowed his friends to read.

Yet the man who loved music, appreciated poetry, and was a foremost figure in the drama of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Beaumont, and Fletcher, bought the office of Master of the King's Bears, Bulls, and Mastiffs, and conducted the savage fights which Court and Society then enjoyed, but which the law finally suppressed. Alleyn personally directed many of these brutal spectacles.

#### The College of God's Gift

Such a blend of interests and occupations succeeded the vogue of pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and abbeys and churches were founded by powerful ruffians who had robbed and murdered. Alleyn, out of sheer piety, paid £10,000 for the 400 acres of Dulwich Manor, and on it raised the College of God's Gift.

Through the estate ran the Pilgrim's Way. By the side of the River Effra, which now flows underground, stood the house of Sir Walter Raleigh, to which Queen Elizabeth would go.

Alleyn's foundation included a school for 12 poor scholars and a chapel and homes for "six poor sisters and six poor brothers." The establishment was opened in 1619, and Bacon and Inigo Jones were of the company.

Widowed, Alleyn married Dr. Donne's daughter in 1623, but died three years later, and was buried beside his first wife in the chapel of the college, which is now famous also for its exquisite Art Gallery, added to it two centuries after the foundation of the college.

## 1927 B.B.C.

### LIKE A NEW GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT

The New Year Change and What it Means

£850,000 A YEAR FOR 2 L O

The charter of the new B.B.C. has been approved by Parliament, and all is now ready for the change-over on New Year's Day.

The old B.B.C. was the British Broadcasting Company, and the new B.B.C. is the British Broadcasting Corporation. The change of name is important.

The Company was an organisation of wireless instrument-makers, working under licence from the Government. The Corporation is a body appointed by the Crown and responsible through the Postmaster-General to Parliament. The Company had a subscribed capital, and yielded a dividend (limited to 7½ per cent) to its shareholders. The Corporation will have no capital, and will simply receive and spend a portion of the revenue raised from licences.

#### No Ground of Complaint

A very important question to be decided is the proportion of the licence money to be spent on broadcasting. It was urged that whatever the listener paid for listening should be spent on things for him to listen to; but the Government considers, and Parliament has agreed, that the listener may just as properly pay entertainment tax as the theatregoer or the patron of the cinema, and as he gets several days of entertainment for a penny in any case he has no ground of complaint.

For each of the first million licences the new B.B.C. will get 9s. out of the 10s., for the second million 8s., and so on, down to 6s., which it will get, however many million licences may be issued. With the licences at present standing at two millions the Corporation will have an income of over £850,000.

#### In Time of Emergency

The new Governors who are to compose the Corporation (there are five of them) have intimated that they have grave doubts whether an adequate service can be supplied for this amount, and the Government has, therefore, agreed to review the scale at the end of two years.

The Government reserves the right to give out for broadcast distribution whatever announcements its various Departments may desire. That has frightened some people, but if listeners get too many they can soon make their feelings known through their Members of Parliament. In time of emergency the Government retains the right to take over the business altogether. It may also forbid any controversial matter.

## THE COLLAR STUD ON THE BEACH

### A Queer True Story

Which would you rather look for, a needle in a haystack or a collar-stud on a pebbly beach after a storm? The one quest seems as hopeless as the other.

The story has been told in the papers of a young man, bathing on a pebbly beach in the Isle of Wight, who failed to find his collar-stud when he came ashore to dress. He searched long though vainly, for in the head of the stud was a valuable onyx of a peculiar shape. A heavy sea storm followed, during which the whole position of the shingle was changed.

Yet ten days after the loss of the stud the bather's mother was sitting on the beach a long way from the bathing site when she saw something glitter among the stones. It was the stud with the queer-shaped onyx.

## DR. COOLIDGE'S ELECTRIC GUN

### WONDERFUL THINGS IT WILL DO

Mysterious Tube and Its Powerful Rays

#### AN IDEA USELESS FOR WAR

Electricians in New York packed a lecture theatre recently to see one of their number, Dr. Coolidge, operate the most powerful electric gun known to science. In appearance it is a four-foot tube of glass swelling out in the middle like a football, and capped with metal at one end.

From this fragile instrument millions of electrons start out in an endless stream with a muzzle velocity of 100,000 miles a second. If there were nothing to stop them they would reach the Sun in a quarter of an hour. This electric gun is, weight for weight, more powerful than the most monstrous big gun that ever shelled a defenceless city, but happily it can never be used in war.

#### Breaking Up Electricity

It is in its power that Dr. Coolidge's tube is new. Many years ago Sir William Crookes, in sending discharges of electricity through sealed glass vacuum tubes, guessed that the bright glow which suffused them was caused by particles of electricity. So, indeed, it proved. When electricity is pumped into the tube it is broken up into countless numbers of electrons, which rush in straight lines down the tube from what is called the cathode plate.

They were quite early called cathode rays. Then it was found that by putting in a little window of nickel foil at one end of the tube the cathode rays could get out. But they got out a very little way because, although they are so many and fly so fast, the particles of air stop them.

#### A Spray of Electrons

What Dr. Coolidge has now done is so to strengthen his tubes (increasing the electricity pumped into them till it reaches 300,000 volts), that the escaping spray of electrons reaches farther than ever before. The spray is three feet long. It may rise to five feet, but even at the smaller length the penetrative power of the rays is such that they will go through crystals, or jewels, or metal. They make marble luminous and quartz turn purple. They kill bacteria. Yet nothing standing six feet away could be harmed, though it is extremely likely that if a man stood close enough his skin would be burned as severely as by the rays of radium, which in some ways these Coolidge rays resemble.

#### WHAT IS POULTRY?

In an early Punch you will find a Victorian lady at a country railway station with her numerous pets while a puzzled official wonders what he ought to charge for them.

He has looked the matter up, but the only instructions he can find refer to dog tickets, and he cannot class all the pets under that heading, so he says: "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and parrots is dogs. But a tortoise is a insect, and must be charged according."

The exhibitors at the Crystal Palace Poultry and Pigeon Show must have got almost as confused as the railway official, for they have virtually said that "foxes is poultry." At least, they had eighty silver foxes on show.

These handsome little creatures are now being bred in England as well as in Canada for the sake of their coats, and they cost about £200 a pair.

Among the pigeons were two that had travelled 7500 miles from the Malay States to show their fine feathers at the Crystal Palace.

## CHANCE STROKE OF AN AXE

### WHAT IT REVEALED TO THE WORLD

The Romantic Story of the Discovery of the Catacombs

#### CITY OF THE DEAD

The finding of a 600-year-old crypt under a famous London church was due to an accidental stroke. So, by chance, we have a new sight in old London.

It reminds us of the chance blow of a pickaxe in Rome on the afternoon of May 31, 1578, when a city beneath a city was revealed, a city of the dead, with a silent population almost equalling that of London.

Labourers were digging in a vineyard on the Via Salaria for a particular building material when suddenly the ground opened beneath them and a sculptured chamber was disclosed. Scientific investigation was at once begun, and the Catacombs of Rome were rediscovered.

#### Tombs of Christian Martyrs

They had been lost, forgotten, out of sight, out of mind, for centuries. Yet, according to all Christian tradition, they were the first burial-places of Peter and Paul, and were unquestionably the tombs of multitudes of early-Christian martyrs and followers of the new faith.

It is no exaggeration to speak of them as a buried city, for if their innumerable passages could be placed end to end they would stretch for a distance of about 400 miles, and the dead buried in them are estimated to have numbered from five millions to seven millions. But all had been forgotten till this astonishing blow of a labourer's axe.

#### Thousands of Tunnels

The Catacombs were the burial-places of the early Christians of Rome, from the times of the Apostles onward, for three or four centuries; they were secret meeting-places, refuges from heathen persecution. They were carved in the rock beneath the soil, with graves running along each side of the corridors, and here and there burial chambers for saints and martyrs. Thousands of passages run in all directions, like the galleries in an ant's nest, galleries below galleries four or five or even seven storeys deep, rich in places with carving and painting, gemmed at one time with precious ores and stones.

Pilgrims from all parts of the world visited them, but when Christianity became the accepted faith the majority of the remains were removed to churches; 28 wagon-loads of sad, sacred relics were moved to lie under the altar set up in the Pantheon of Agrippa when it became a church.

#### One of the Sights of Rome

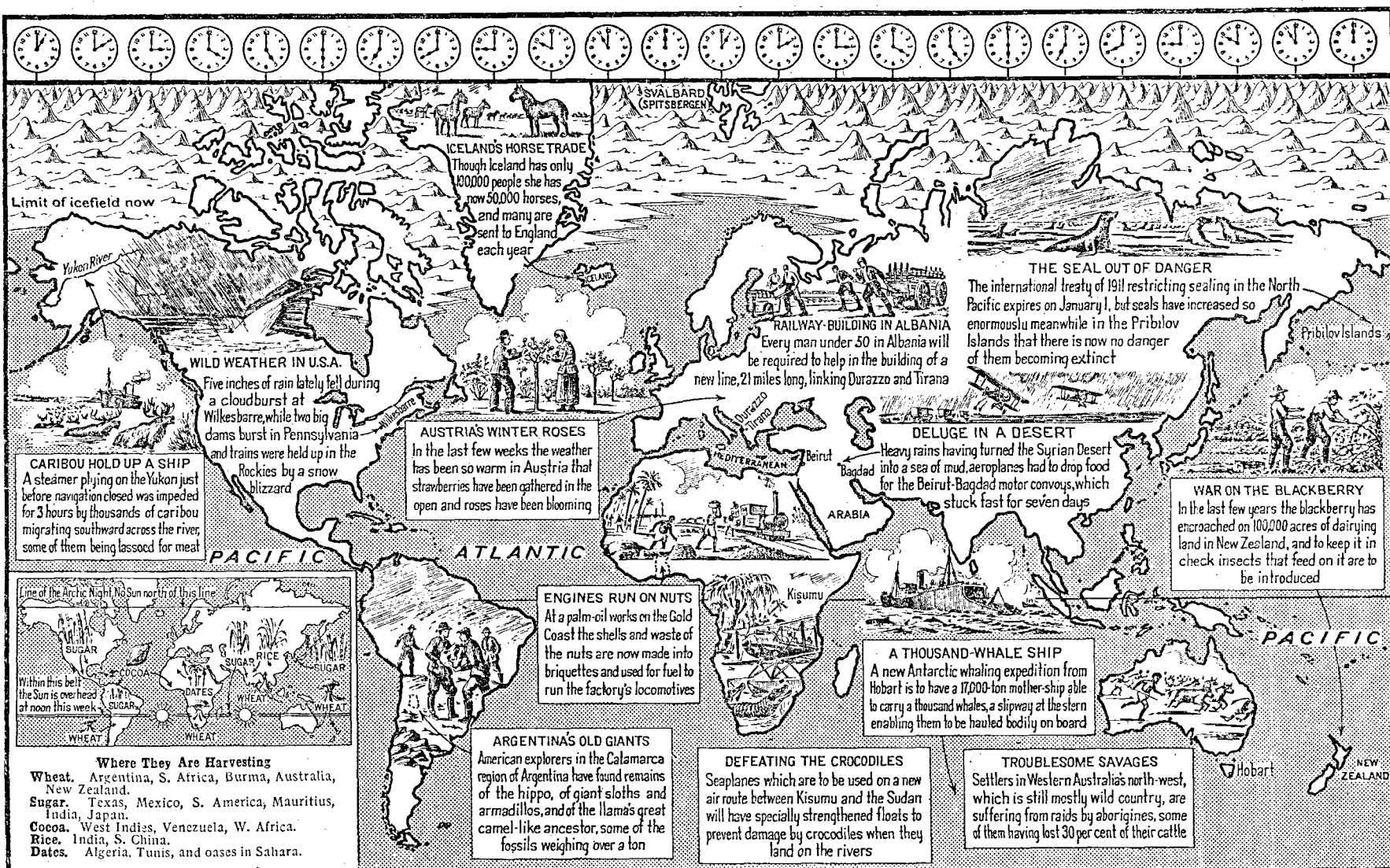
The Sack of Rome by Alaric in 410 A.D. put an end to burial in the Catacombs; they retained their sacred character for another four centuries, and then gradually fell into oblivion.

On being rediscovered they were thoroughly explored, and Antonio Bosio of Malta gave 36 years of his life to the work. He became known as the Columbus of the subterranean world, and grew so much in love with his task that he preferred the gloom of the caverns to the light of day.

Thousands of people still visit the Catacombs every year; they are one of the sights of one of the most sacred centres of the world; and they were found for us, as was the new crypt of All Hallows, Barking, by a chance stroke.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A PLUMBER'S WORK FOR THE NATION The Tate Gallery Has a New Picture

Who has not been delighted to learn that the nation has bought a picture painted by a working-man who earns £2 14s. a week?

As a rule only artists are interested in purchases for the Tate Gallery, but there is something so romantic about this purchase that we have all thrown off our unworthy indifference.

The picture is a cottage interior, and is painted on apron-cloth because the artist could not afford canvas. He is Mr. A. Hattemore, who spends his days in repairing pipes for the Metropolitan Water Board. Not for him was a long, expensive training in an art school, but his love of pictures was so real that he managed to visit the galleries and exhibitions and to attend a painting class at the Bethnal Green Men's Institute two nights a week. He would not let anything stand in his way, and at last he has learned how to produce the beauty he loves. No one ought to despair after this.

Mr. Hattemore's picture was bought by the Duveen Fund for twenty guineas.

## A FIRE FOR A DYNAMO Two Tons of Coal a Minute

A huge dynamo, nearly three times as large as the biggest in the world today, is being built in America for the new State Railway Station on Lake Michigan.

The enormous size of the dynamo can be imagined by the fact that the power it will generate will be nearly two-thirds of the whole power at present generated from Niagara Falls. It will weigh four million pounds, and the steam turbine which is being built to drive it will burn two tons of coal a minute.

## BIG PETER COMES DOWN York Minster's Great Bell

Big Peter, the famous bell that has hung eighty years in York Minster, is to be re-cast.

The Minster's twelve other bells have been re-cast and re-hung, and now it is Peter's turn. But Peter is a foot thick all round and weighs eleven tons, and it is a big task to get him down and up again. And when he is down he must be got out. For this purpose the stone pillar dividing the great west doors has had to be removed.

Big Peter has proved rather unmanageable hitherto; in fact, he has never yet been rung properly by swinging, but has only been struck with a clapper. A team of forty men at his ropes has failed to move him. No doubt when he is re-hung adequate means will be found to make him fulfil his appointed work in the world.

Venerable as he is, Big Peter has a yet older neighbour, a Mr. Hinsleff, who remembers seeing him before his ascent to the belfry. *Picture on page 12*

## THE TREASURE HOUSE OF FIVE ROOMS It Cannot Be Destroyed

Complete in about 40 parts at 1s. 3d. each, and with about 20,000 pictures, the Children's Treasure House, edited by Arthur Mee, is before the vast public that has never been disappointed in this eminent educationist's productions.

In the newest of the books we have set forth for us the wonders of the world and the glories of the ages. The makers of the Children's Encyclopedia have looked out upon the world again; they have given to the youth of the early years of the twentieth century's second quarter a treasure house of five rooms. The scheme is one that may make the millionaire wish himself a factory boy again. Some treasure houses have been destroyed by fire; this is indestructible. *From the Sheffield Independent*

## AN IDEA FOR THE HEN RUN

### A Big Day and a Little Day

Poultry farmers have found that the best way to make hens lay better during winter is to make them eat more. But, the days being so short, the hens go to roost in the afternoon, and so are asleep when their late mealtime comes round. They eat less in the dark days, and so lay fewer eggs.

Many experiments have been made by fitting the hen-houses with electric light, which is switched on before dusk so as to lengthen the day of the birds. But now it has been discovered that there is no need to keep the fowls up; they can be allowed to roost as usual, and then be called out again in the evening for the late meal. So the lights are just being switched on when meal-time arrives, and the hens rise to a sort of new little day added on to their big one.

The meal over, an automatic dimming device gradually lowers the light of the lamps, and the fowls, thinking their little day is over, retire to roost once more. But they have had the extra meal, and the farmer gets his extra eggs!

## THE WINNER OF THE RACE

The C.N. never likes to give a sorrowful story, but here is one with a beautiful ending.

In the depths of a dark slum in a Midland city a health visitor found a little girl in circumstances of shocking neglect. She lay cooped up in a dirty cupboard, her legs were badly deformed, and she was pale and weak.

No time was lost in sending the child to the fresh, green surroundings of a Poor Law Home in the country. There the colour came into her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she learned what it was to smile. Best of all, the doctors made her legs quite straight again, and now we hear that she has won a prize in a swimming race!

## NEWS OF A TOOTH And What it May Mean PERHAPS THE OLDEST RELIC OF MAN

From the expedition which is digging in Central Asia to trace back as far as possible the story of the ancient reptiles and the mammals which followed them, both of which spread east and west over half the Earth, comes news of a tooth.

The tooth was found by Dr. J. G. Andersson, well known in Europe as an authority on fossils, and if all that is claimed for it proves true it will become the most famous tooth in the world.

It appears to be the tooth of a man-like being, but it was found in strata which are earlier in time than those in Java where the remains of the earliest known ape-like man were found forty years ago by the Dutch doctor Dubois. The parts of the skull which he found are still judged, after all the discussions of these intervening years, to be older than those of any skull found before or since.

But all authority places them in the geological epoch named the Pleistocene, and that at most cannot be dated more than half a million years back, whereas the Andersson tooth is said to have been found in the earlier geological deposits of the Pliocene, and if that is so, and if it really is a human tooth, the age of man jumps back another half-million years at a bound, perhaps more.

Someone once said that among teeth there were the milk tooth, the permanent tooth, the wisdom tooth, and the tooth, which was often defective. In the interests of discovery we may all hope there is nothing defective about Dr. Andersson's tooth.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Enceladus . . . . .	En-sel-ad-us
Durazzo . . . . .	Doo-rah-t-so
Pleiades . . . . .	Ply-ah-deez
Tirana . . . . .	Te-rah-nah



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 4 1926

Seats of the Mighty and  
Hearts of the People

It is good to feel that we shall be able to open our Christmas letters in a friendly mood. We shall not have to throw the envelopes angrily away because they are stamped with the plea to buy somebody's pills.

But what has interested many people in thinking this over is that the suggestion to thrust this form of advertisement on our unwilling eyes went through Parliament like water through a sieve. As the barrister said when told by a rival that his arguments went in at one ear and out at the other, there was nothing to stop it.

But there was something outside the House of Commons to stop it, and that was the opinion of the people who send the Members of Parliament there. Our people are rather slow to say what they do want, but they make no mistake about what they do not want. They did not want advertisements on letters, and they are not going to have them, whatever the Postmaster-General may say. The Christmas post is safe.

It makes us a little more hopeful about the way we are governed, and there is another example to encourage us. Just before Armistice Day some genius in Whitehall delivered himself of the opinion that the time had come when mothers and sisters and wives should no longer wear the medals of their fallen at this solemn time.

Think of it! Just an hour or two once a year, when for a brief space the unreturning dead live again in our remembrance, those to whom they belonged must not pay this tribute to their memory! As well forbid them not to bring a flower. The people saw that, and official stupidity excused itself as well as it could.

After all, in this land where, with all its shortcomings, there is a determination that government shall be by the people for the people, it is the people who have the last word. They are the law. If their hearts beat right there will not be much wrong with their heads; and they have often the saving grace of being able to put right the mistakes made by a wooden head in a high place.

These examples of the setting right of the mistakes of our rulers make us more hopeful about other things—our bridges, for instance. The people love Waterloo Bridge, and they may yet have the last word about that. They may even someday say such a powerful word about Charing Cross Bridge that the whole of that wretched thing will fall like the walls of Jericho.

It is good to be reminded that the citadel of our strength is in the hearts of the people and not in the seats of the mighty



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Lost Wallet

MANY of our readers must have enjoyed the stories of Joseph Conrad, that strange man who was born a Pole, became a sailor, and grew into a writer of English literature. His widow has just published a short memoir which shows that he was eccentric, absent-minded, and lovable as well as brilliant.

Our favourite anecdote is that of the Lost Wallet.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad were voyaging between Naples and Marseilles when the author told his wife he had lost his wallet with all their money. Mrs. Conrad offered to look for it, but that made him angry, for he had searched everywhere. However, she managed to hunt through his possessions, and found not only the wallet but some letters which she had given him to post long before! He was ashamed of his carelessness, and promised to mend his ways.

The next day he said they would have to "hang out" somewhere while they waited for money from England. He would telegraph for it, and he hoped it would not be long.

But why must they do this? asked Mrs. Conrad. The wallet and its precious load had been found!

That, said he, was the trouble. He was so grateful to get it back that he had spent it in tipping the crew!

## At Eventide There Shall Be Light

Mr. Edison, who sixteen years ago declared that he saw no reason why human life should be immortal, has changed his mind.

Looking back on life at 80, he feels that it is moving to some great end. In the evening of his life the light of faith is dawning upon this genius of invention. This is what he says:

If, when we speak about the soul, we mean the intelligence, we must admit that, if there is any evidence on one side or the other, it is in favour of immortality.

Sequoia trees have lived 4000 years, which is 3900 years nearer to immortality than human life attains. If the life of the sequoia can extend itself thus into the centuries why not the human being in one manifestation or the other, physical or mental or spiritual?

Today the preponderance of probability greatly favours belief in immortality. Let the Church teach everything that can be proved about things spiritual, and then devote its efforts to imparting to its congregations convictions as to the necessity for beauty, honesty, and health. These things include everything really worth while.

## Look Within

Look within yourself. There you will find the well-spring of all good things; a spring that will not cease to flow so long as you do not cease to dig it.

MARCUS AURELIUS

## What We Leave Behind

THERE is more reasoning and questioning today than ever before. We are in the process of discarding those things which in the past have been breeders of war and oppression.

MR. EDISON

## Tip-Cat

A CONTEMPORARY asks who started the Christmas card custom. Never mind; let us forget and forgive.

THE agent drives a car 500 miles and it is a new car. The buyer drives it five miles and it is a used car.

THEY are wanting a crest for the League of Nations. We suggest two mailed fists in handcuffs.

A NEW foghorn just installed was once a musical instrument. Some orchestras use worse things.

A READER would like to know what justifies certain statues in our streets. The only excuse we can think of is that the man is dead.

A NEW pugilist is announced as A New World-beater. It will take some beating.

IT is not a crime, says a lecturer, to get stout. On the contrary, we honour great men.

A DOCTOR says that if sleep were abolished the change would destroy the only few hours in

which men live above reproach. But what about the old gentleman who snores in the Pullman?

THE Italian people are the greatest in the world, says Mussolini. But not great enough for a vote.

A COMIC paper is celebrating its centenary. Many of the old jokes and hundreds of their children and grandchildren are to attend.

## An Old Picture

An old Dutch painter picked these flowers; They look fresh budded: who would know

The man who drew them lived and loved

Three hundred years ago?

And who would guess he had his griefs? His brush marked only sunny hours; Instead of tempests, wrongs, and war He painted laughing flowers.

He made Earth richer and more gay. You wonder how he did it? Thus:

He bore his cares and fears alone, He shared his joys with us!

J. B.

## Faith

When obstacles and trials seem

Like prison-walls to be

I do the little I can do,

And leave the rest to Thee.

F. W. FABER

The Wind and the Sun  
and the Stars

FLING the casement wide:

Let the wind blow in,  
Fresh from the hills and plains,  
The pines, the bracken, and whin;  
Sweet from over the earth,  
Strong from over the sea,  
O, when the wind sweeps in  
It lifts the heart in me!

FLING the windows wide:

Let the sun pour through,  
Hot with the blaze of noon,  
Fresh with the breath of dew;  
Life in his magic touch,  
Strength, warmth, ecstasy,  
O, when the sun floods through  
It fires the blood in me!

TURN the shutters wide:

Let the stars look down,  
Millions of friendly eyes  
Watching o'er field and town;  
Far in the deep where lie  
Wonder, hope, mystery,  
Ah, when the stars look down  
The soul has peace in me!

From Shan Bullock's "Gleanings." See page 9

The Sacristan of Notre  
Dame

HE will stand waiting for you to enter, then walk in front of you, tremulously eager to deliver his glad tidings. You must observe the architecture as you pass, but he does not stay for that, or for anything, though you are overawed by the grace of the carving around you. You linger in the rich light streaming through the stained-glass windows till a voice beside you whispers "The sacristan is waiting."

He is little and old and frail, but his face has the rapture of good tidings. With lips quivering with eagerness he shows you the beautiful Mother and Child of Michael Angelo. Its beauty is a part of him, and he tries to share it with you.

## The Good Courage

"See (he cries) the Virgin, she is full of great thoughts, but she is the Mother first. See the little dimpled Son, who would run to play, full of unthinking happiness. But the Mother: ah, though one hand droops in patient weariness, the other holds Him safe from harm. She is full of sorrow for the days to come, but she turns not back. Ah! It is the *bon courage* to know all and turn not back!"

It is the good courage of the little sacristan that you remember also, this little man who day by day pours out his tenderness without stint, often on unthinking or unheeding people.

## The Lamp in the Temple

A NEW spirit is abroad in the world. Through blood and tears we have travelled thus far. Soon we shall commit to a younger generation the care of the lamp now once more dimly burning within the Temple of Peace.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

It is not events that make a man's life unhappy, but his opinion of them.

EPICTETUS



## STEEL SOLDIERS DAY OF THE ROBOTS COMING NEARER

The Remarkable Things the  
New Tanks Can Do

### WAR TOO TERRIBLE TO THINK OF

*The Engineer saw a future in which his manless tanks would be the first Robots, machines directed from a distance, spreading death and dismay among any army that sought to oppose them, but, being mere machines, incapable themselves of feeling.*

*But afterwards he took a little courage, for he thought that perhaps such an engine of destruction was the only thing that could destroy War itself, because men might see at last that war had truly become impossible.*

It is a year since the Engineer, watching our Army's mimic warfare, thought these thoughts and passed them on to the readers of the C.N., and in that year the day of the Robots, the iron men without minds or hearts or souls who can do too much of the mischief that a man can do, has come much nearer.

#### One-Man Tanks

On the moors round Camberley the Dominion Premiers have been shown what an all-tank army can do today. The tanks must still be manned by soldiers of flesh and blood, for the Day of the Automaton is not yet, but already they have made impossible the idea of soldiers successfully standing up against them in the open.

There are the small one-man tanks that can go anywhere and do anything, racing along at thirty miles an hour, each with its machine-gun, cheap and easy to make and capable of being turned out in ever-increasing numbers, the light cavalry of the future.

#### Carrying Their Own Bridges

There are the self-propelled guns of varying calibres which put the old horse artillery out of use. And there are the great land cruisers with machine-gun turrets at each corner and a three-pounder turret in the middle, able to move at a tremendous speed and surmount or destroy almost any obstacle.

The sight of all these monsters manoeuvring must have seemed to come very near to our Engineer's dream of the Robots. Some carried their own steel bridges with them, big enough to cross a river 26 feet wide. Others knocked down brick walls and sturdy trees; they raced up hills and climbed eight-foot barriers of tree trunks.

#### A Bright Side of the Picture

Many of them were furnished not only with the original tank "tracks," but with huge motor wheels as well, and could change in a few minutes from one to the other according to the character of the ground to be traversed.

Well, we must all pray that the making of wars shall be finally ended before these terrible engines have a chance of proving what they can do in real earnest; but Mr. Coates, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, pointed out one bright side to the picture. These developments of the science of heavy traction have their applications to the arts of peace as well as to those of war. In undeveloped country and in great works of engineering they should prove invaluable. *Pictures on this page*

#### THE INSULATORS

More than eighty different things are used today for insulating electric wires.

Mineral and vegetable oils, asbestos, porcelain, paper, marble, asphalt, and mica are some of the better known, rubber and pitch being among the earliest used. Eighty different standard tests for these various materials have now been adopted for common use;

## THE CONVICT'S COMPLAINT

OMAR KHAYYAM, the Persian poet who asked for little more than a book of verses underneath the bough, would have sympathised with the prisoner whom the Home Secretary questioned in one of His Majesty's prisons not so very long ago.

The prisoner had no complaint to make of the food, though he admitted that it was not too rich, and the confinement did not seem to worry him, for he had never been long out of prison for forty years.

The only thing he found unsatisfactory was the prison library. He had sampled many, and in forty years the

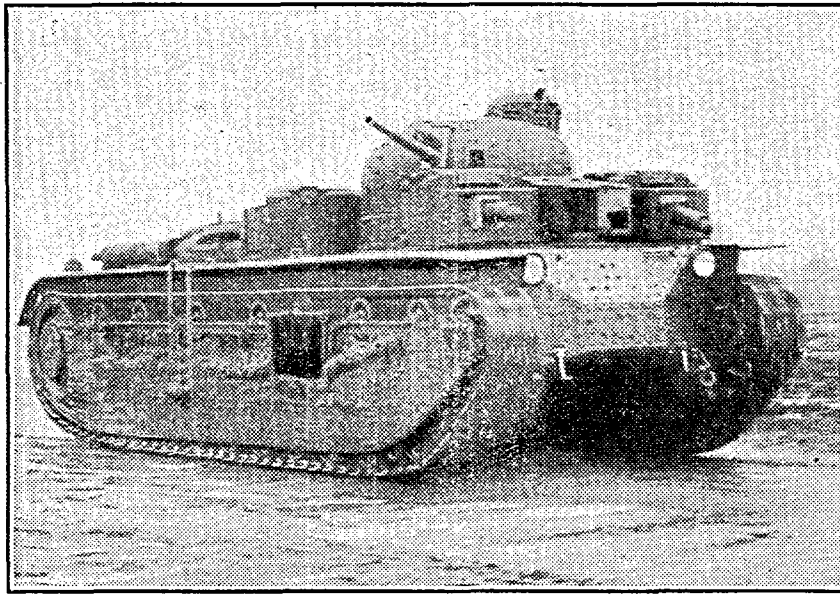
contents of few had escaped him. History, biography, sermons, essays, had been examined by him; but, despite all his inquiries, he had never been able to obtain a book on German philosophy!

As he said, it is a rotten state of affairs, especially when the countless volumes of Kant and Hegel and Nietzsche are considered, and if Lord Haldane were still Lord Chancellor he might do something about it. Who knows that if this poor misguided man had been able to consult the works of Schopenhauer he might not have found a philosophy that would keep him out of prison?

## THE BIG TANK AND THE LITTLE TANK



The small one-man tank



The giant tank like a super-Dreadnought

War weapons are becoming more and more examples of complicated and elaborate machinery, and among these the tank easily holds the most prominent place. At a recent demonstration before the Dominion Premiers all kinds of tanks were shown, from little one-man tanks to mammoth super-tanks with revolving turrets. See next column

## THE OLD LADY CATCHES THE TRAIN

It is hard when you are eighty and cannot sprint very well and are obliged to catch a certain train.

The old lady and her son had made a gallant attempt. Undergrounds and lifts had helped them on their way, and all the time the man had his eyes on his watch. It seemed that they would never get to Victoria Station.

At last they emerged from the Underground, panting. There was just half a minute to catch the train. They might do it. But the man looked round and his heart sank. There was the train, at the very far end of the longest platform. None of us knows how long the platforms of our great termini are until we have to catch a train. Away in the distance the old lady's son could see

the railway-guard shutting the doors. "Oh, dear," said the old lady, "I shall never do it."

Suddenly the man had an idea. There was a taxi sliding slowly down the roadway between the platforms. He snatched at the door, said a word to the driver, who had his wits about him, and lifted the old lady in.

The taxi swooped down the quarter of a mile of platform and stopped level with the train. In ten seconds the old lady was transferred from the cab to a compartment, and the train moved out.

We have never heard before of a taxi being taken down a platform to catch a train, but this story is true, and it shows us that there is always a way out of any difficulty.

## PROSPEROUS COLOMBIA

WHY SHE IS HONOURED  
AT GENEVA

The Immense Natural Riches  
of a Rising Republic

### THE LAND OF BOLIVAR

In commenting on the new Council of the League of Nations not long ago our League Correspondent used terms in referring to Colombia against which a representative of Colombia politely protests. It was suggested that some people may not know where Colombia is.

But there is no cause for surprise in the honourable position given to Colombia, and the C.N., of course, did not wish to seem unfriendly to this prosperous republic.

#### Her Place in the World

Colombia, the country which links the South American continent with Central America, is the land of Simon Bolivar, the hero of the struggle for independence waged on the Southern continent. In population it ranks third among South American States, following Brazil and Argentina. In commerce with Great Britain it ranks fourth, following those countries and Chile. It has a population equal to Austria, to Sweden, and to Portugal. It has a greater population than Ireland, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Denmark, or Norway, all countries that have figured largely on the stage of history.

Colombia, which has shared in a striking way the general progress of Latin America, is the State from which the territory containing the Panama Canal was separated as the Republic of Panama. The Republic of Colombia after losing Panama was left with an area of 462,000 square miles, which is about four times the size of the United Kingdom. The population is approaching seven millions, which is rather more than the population of England and Wales one hundred and fifty years ago.

#### A Thousand Miles of Airways

Colombia is proud of the fact that it has had a stable government and uninterrupted peace for a quarter of a century, that it has forty towns with over 20,000 inhabitants, 20,000 miles of telegraphs, an external trade worth about £35,000,000 a year, the world's second largest production of coffee and bananas, and one of the finest prospective oilfields in the world. It is the richest of all South American countries in precious minerals, especially emeralds, platinum, and gold.

There seems little doubt that Colombia is destined to have an exceedingly large population, maintained by abundant natural wealth. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the fact that Colombia now has no less than a thousand miles of organised airways.

#### In the Council of the League

It will be seen, therefore, that Colombia is entitled to a high place at Geneva. As the South American continent ought to be sufficiently represented on the Council of the League, and larger countries did not share in the League's activities, Colombia was only taking the position due to its relative importance when it was elected to a seat on the Council.

In the first round of voting for nine non-permanent memberships of the Council Colombia headed the poll; and in the later voting to divide the States elected into those which would sit for one, two, or three years it was first in the two-year selections. It therefore has ample reason to be proud of its success on the stage of world politics.



## RUSSIA HAS A NEW MASTER

### STALIN AND HIS IDEAS

Have the Bolsheviks Learned the Great Lesson?

### SANER POLICY PROMISED

Russia is beginning to learn wisdom at last. She is learning that she cannot prosper by antagonising all the world and that men will not work unless they gain by their labour.

That, at least, is the lesson which Russia's new dictator, Joseph Stalin, draws from her recent history and is imposing on his defeated opponents, Zinoviev and Trotsky and the rest. He calls their talk of a World Revolution "an idiotic slogan."

Without the assistance of the outside world, whose credit, goodwill, and products we need, Russia cannot exist much longer (he says). Trotsky and Zinoviev are responsible for the failure of our treaty with England, and they are also to blame for the lack of sympathy we find in America, where their constant talk of the coming World Revolution has aroused the strongest opposition. We have had enough of that talk.

### Hope of a Friendly Peasantry

His programme is to seek the friendship and not the enmity of other nations by looking after Russia and leaving the rest of the world to look after itself. Time will show whether he is sincere in this and whether his opponents have really been curbed, as they seem to be.

It is not only in foreign affairs that Stalin's victory seems to have led to a saner policy. The attempt to force the peasants into the Communist mould is said to have been definitely abandoned. Trotsky would have forced them to give their labour and would have enforced taxes to prevent their accumulating money; but Stalin sees in a prosperous and friendly peasantry the best hope of prosperous town industries also. And even to the artisan he would leave some prospect of making something for himself as an incentive to good work.

### The New Dictator

We may be sure that, with all his ability and determination, the new dictator could never have forced such modifications of the Communist gospel on his colleagues if the lessons he has grasped had not been steadily bringing themselves home. We are told on all hands that the new policy is now firmly established and that we need not fear a return to the wilder courses.

The new dictator is still only 47, and comes of peasant stock from Georgia. Trotsky is town bred. It is only four years since Stalin became prominent, and his rapid rise is due largely to his securing the fine strategic position of General Secretary to the Communist Party. That is the kind of post which may mean anything according to the capacity and aptitude of the man who holds it.

### PITY THE POOR TREES

Sad Effects of Petrol Fumes in Paris

The glorious trees of the Paris avenues and boulevards are gravely threatened by the growth of petrol traffic.

A splendid chestnut in the Champs Elysées, the great avenue up which we look from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe, flowered so regularly at the official opening of spring that it was known as the Chestnut Tree of March 21. But some time ago it began to sicken, choked by dust and petrol fumes, and now it is dead.

Many other trees are showing signs of decay. Maples particularly, as well as chestnuts, suffer badly. In Paris, as in London, the plane tree is becoming the chief stand-by, but who can imagine Paris with nothing but planes?

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

A LITTLE child might lead the feet of our statesmen into the paths of peace if only they would heed.

One of the most beautiful scenes of Armistice Week has passed with very little notice. It happened in a lonely corner of an English cemetery which has many graves of British soldiers who were brought home to die from their wounds. On the Sunday after Armistice Day each year a pilgrimage is made to these graves by the children from a Poor Law Home close by.

But every year one enclosure containing a group of graves has been neglected and forgotten; it contains the graves of German soldiers who died from their wounds as prisoners in England. For eight years and more no one came to these lonely graves to kindle a spark of sympathy or pity; but this year, after others had placed their grateful tributes near where the British soldiers lay, one child carried a

wreath, bought by ex-soldiers, and laid it in the German enclosure.

The act was witnessed in silence by many, and the words which accompanied the wreath were as beautiful as the wreath itself:

*Here, on the resting-place of those who sleep far from the Fatherland for which they died, this wreath is laid in gentle homage by an English child.*

Among those who watched the ceremony was a representative of the German Ambassador in England. There will be mothers and children in Germany who would also have been glad to witness the ceremony, which was made all the more impressive by the knowledge that some of the children at the Home, which is near Birmingham, were made fatherless by the war.

It was impossible, as one looked on at this scene, not to recall those lovely words from the Bible: "A little child shall lead them."

## THE HEART IN A LONDON BUS

SOMETIMES we wonder how we should describe the London buses.

When we are trying to stop one and a dozen slide by unheeding we think they are cold, dull things. When we are trying to cross the road they seem to charge down on us like a herd of great red elephants, all trumpeting. But when we stand at the Marconi House stopping-place in the Strand, on a morning when the flower-women are setting out with their wares, we know that there is a heart even in a London bus.

The flower-women come down from Covent Garden with enormous baskets and stand there. Anyone might think it was no good waiting; no bus bound for the City would take a passenger with such a load. But the flower-women know they will. They wait.

They are nearly always smiling, for one thing. You may meet a millionaire with a sour look, but never a flower-woman. The bus fills up, the conductor calls out

"Hurry-on-hold-tight-please-pass-along-the-car," and, standing with his hand on the cord, looks out. There is a flower-woman with a basket bigger than three passengers. She cannot catch the bus "on the hop," like every one else: She knows the conductor has every right to refuse to take her and her basket. But he does not refuse.

We saw two flower-women one morning with a basket so huge that the pair could scarcely lift it. They waited till everyone else had gotten on and the conductor was hanging out on one foot. He called "Come along, Ma," and, leaning over, helped them in with their load.

You may see the little play every morning on the flags at the halt by Marconi House. It is one of the little unnoticed deeds that lighten our life from day to day, and we thank the London and General Omnibus Company for the spirit of goodwill which animates the conductors of our bright red buses.

## A MAN AND HIS ISLAND

THE story of an Englishman's struggle for the home of his ancestors is to be told shortly before the English and Turkish Arbitration Court in Constantinople.

It concerns the Island of Drymusa (named after a "sweet-smelling herb"), bought from the Turkish Government by the claimant's grandfather eighty years ago. The father and grandfather were merely occasional visitors, but the present claimant, Mr. Anthony Edwards, set to work to cultivate it by growing vines, almonds, tobacco, olives, and soon.

Unfortunately the same idea occurred to two thousand Greeks living on the Turkish mainland. They settled on the island uninvited, and refused to pay rent!

In an evil moment Mr. Edwards borrowed soldiers from the Government to turn them out. The officer in charge realised the strategic importance of an island commanding the approach to Smyrna, and reported accordingly. Then the war broke out; the Germans came, fortified the island, and interned Mr. Edwards. Ever since Mustapha Kemal drove the Greeks from the coast the Turkish Government has treated the island as a military centre, and has refused to allow Mr. Edwards to return.

As the Government has omitted the formality of buying back this property it sold to his grandfather Mr. Edwards is taking the matter into the courts.

## THE LULLABY OF THE MOTOR-CAR

EXPERIMENTS in sleep have been conducted in the George Washington University in America. Students have been kept awake in order to see how they stood the lack of sleep.

After two sleepless nights they were able to pass mental tests as alertly as when they began, but tests of their senses showed that they could neither hear nor see so well as they grew more tired. Two of the eight students after forty hours of wakefulness began to see visions of strange men watering plants, and of people who were not there.

After two nights of wakefulness the men were given motor-cars and told to park them in a small space. This they

did, but when ordered to take long motor drives they owned that they were too sleepy to proceed after a short time, as the monotony and rhythm of the moving car seemed to resolve themselves into a lullaby. Doctors found that loss of sleep meant a decrease of red blood cells and an increase of white ones.

The investigators believe that, as with food, the quality of sleep may be more important than the amount. Sleep has not only length but depth, they point out. The first two hours of sleep are much deeper than the last two, and it might be possible to cause the sleeping mechanism to work faster, just as we can make certain glands work faster.

## BEST CHRISTMAS BOXES

BOOKS THAT LIVE THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND

All the Jolly Annuals are Here Again

BRIGHTER EVENINGS

A hundred difficulties in choosing Christmas presents vanish at once when books are decided on.

Nothing offers a wider selection, nothing will give more pleasure, for the jolly Christmas Annuals found in the shops are read over and over again until next year's issues appear. There are books for little people, books for boys and girls at school, and books for those a little older, all of them with many pages and plates in colour.

### For the Little Ones

The tiny tots who are learning to read will delight in Chicks' Own Annual (3s. 6d.). The type in this book is big and bold; the long words are divided into syllables to make reading easy. Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys appear in Rainbow Annual (3s. 6d.) and in a brand new story-book known as the Bruin Boys' Annual (3s. 6d.). Tiger Tilly and the Hippo Girls have all kinds of interesting adventures in Mrs. Hippo's Annual (3s. 6d.).

Among other books for the little ones we have Bubbles Annual (3s. 6d.), which is equally delightful, and contains pictures and stories of the characters from the weekly paper of its name.

For those who want to pay a little more there are many other books. Playbox Annual and Tiger Tim's Annual are full of pictures and stories of the Bruin Boys and cost 6s. each. Puck Annual (6s.) and Playtime Annual (6s.) are packed with pictures, tales, and adventure stories.

### Old Favourites

Boys and girls at school have nearly as long a list of special annuals from which to choose their Christmas or birthday gifts. First we have those old favourites The Holiday Annual and Schoolgirls' Own Annual (6s. each), both one long delight to those who like adventure stories and tales of school. Then there are two entirely new Annuals which are likely to prove popular in every way. There is the School Friend Annual (6s.), packed from cover to cover with entertainment, and the Hobby Annual, dealing in a new way with hobbies that interest boys.

The Champion Annual, for older boys and girls, is a wonderful budget of adventure on land and sea, and there is the Golden Annual at 4s. 6d., full of tales for schoolgirls.

Every one of these splendid books is a gift that will be appreciated. Books as gifts far outlive toys; they are truly the best of all presents. They will brighten the long winter evenings; they will cheer up rainy days; they will fill the mind with new delights.

### A GOOD AND A BAD THING

**The Bad Thing.** The other day a hind was pursued over rough country by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. It took to the sea, and the huntsmen followed in motor-boats. The animal swam nearly a mile in a desperate effort to escape, but the motor-engine caught it up when it was exhausted, and the hind was dragged on board, landed at Minehead, and butchered. What hypocrites the Spaniards must think us for calling bullfights cruel.

**The Good Thing.** A working-man watching a fire in Bermondsey the other day heard dogs howling. Fighting his way through smoke and flames, he rescued a fox-terrier and her puppy. He does not call himself a sportsman, but he seems to know more about sportsmanship than some hunters.



December 4, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

9

## DAGENHAM'S GREAT DAY

## MANNA FROM THE WATERS

## The Fire on a Boat Which Fed the Fires in the Home

## A TALE OF THE COAL FAMINE

It has not occurred to us to wish to live at Dagenham before, but who would have minded doing so during the last few weeks of the coal famine?

A steamer with a cargo of German coal briquettes was making her way up the Thames estuary when a fire broke out on board, and the first act of the salvage men was to order the cargo to be thrown away at once.

The burning ship, the Letchworth, was lying not far from Woolwich, near Dagenham Reach, which takes its name from a breach made in the river wall in 1707. Some dwellers in Dagenham village had been watching the smoking vessel, and were wondering whether she would burn down to the water's edge or would be saved, when a totally unexpected thing happened.

## From Dawn to Dusk

They could scarcely believe their own eyes, for showers of briquettes were being flung on to the sides of the creek by the Letchworth's huge automatic scoops. Hundreds of tons were being thrown ashore.

You may be quite sure the Dagenham people lost no time in picking up this very black but most useful manna from the waters. The whole population apparently turned out. Whatever anybody was doing, they stopped it, and went out gathering briquettes. From the first light of dawn to the last glimmer of dusk the procession wound up and down. Every kind of vehicle was pressed into service. An ice-cream barrow came in very handy; so did a box on two wheels. Briquettes were put into string bags. Perambulators went across the fields to the riverside. Bicycles were made to support a pack of briquettes.

## How to Keep Warm

It is not easy work to carry briquettes, and we imagine the toilers would be quite warm before they put a block on their fires. That reminds us of another and much less amusing story, which comes from the north country.

There was a famous miser, incredibly mean, who could not bear to see a fire in his grate although he kept coal in the cellar. His wife died, poor thing, and a niece came to keep house for him. One bitter morning she asked for a fire. The miser pointed to a couple of pails, and said: "Tha can tak' them two boockets down into the cellar and fill 'em with coal, and tha can carry them oop and down the stairs until thou'rt warm."

## THE POEM THAT WRITES ITSELF

Mr. Shan Bullock, that genial friend of books, has taken to verse, and has printed cheaply for his friends some poems written in the last few years. The book is issued at sixpence by William Pile, Sutton, Surrey.

Nearly all the verses tell of a keen love of the Earth's beauty, and a thoughtfulness deeper and less buoyant marks the latest of them. All are graceful expressions of a cultured mind. As an example of what this little book contains we choose Wind, Sun, and Stars, which we reproduce on page six.

Mr. Bullock's sweetly-balanced verse suggests that it was written when a mood could only make itself known in a poem. It wrote itself because it must. See page 6

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Chrysanthemums twelve inches in diameter and 36-inch parsnips were seen at a Brixton show.

A farmer at Irma, Alberta, reports a wheat yield of nearly 94 bushels to the acre in a field of over three acres.

A Wrexham lady on the Cunard liner Samaria fell in love with the ship's cat and was allowed to take it home with her.

## Western Australia's Wheat Crop

The coming wheat crop of Western Australia promises to be close upon 30 million bushels, half as much again as that of three years ago.

## Young at 90

Mrs. Hannah Robinson, aged 90, has lately sailed in the Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm to settle with relatives in Toronto.

## An Elephant Washed Ashore

The body of an elephant was washed ashore at Worthing in a large crate, and is supposed to have been washed off the deck of a steamer in a storm.

## 246 Miles an Hour

The record average speed of 246 miles an hour was kept up by the winner in the Schneider Cup international race for seaplanes in Hampton Roads, New York.

## Local Records Destroyed

Fire has lately destroyed all the records of the Mablethorpe District Council with the exception of a minute-book and a rate-book.

## Pigeon's Long Journey

A lost homing pigeon which rested on the deck of the S.S. Electrician off Ushant was returned to its owner in Staffordshire after a 15,000-mile trip.

## Not Too Old at 81

Although 81 years old and blind, Mr. William Cook won first prize at an exhibition of the Basket Makers Company the other day.

## The Horse Tram

It was stated in the C.N. the other day that Morecambe had the only horse tramway left, but a correspondent states that there is another, between Pwllheli and Llanbedrog, in Carnarvonshire.

## Canada Forging Ahead

Last year Canada's imports rose by about £28,000,000 and her exports by nearly £40,000,000; and she had a favourable trade balance equal to both these sums together.

## A Man and a Bear

The other day a British Columbia rancher came face to face with a grizzly bear on a mountain trail. He used a small log of wood as a club and after a terrific battle slew the bear.

## A Boon to Lancashire

This year's American cotton crop is a huge one, amounting to about 18 million bales, so that the Lancashire spinning industry will be helped by cheap prices.

## A Man and His Friends

Dogs are often inseparable from their masters when they take their walks abroad, but the sight of two goats walking by the side of their owner, accompanying him on his walks every day, is to be seen at Derby.

## 20,000 Beetles

For forty years Mr. J. D. Sherman collected water-beetles in New York at the average rate of 500 a year, and he has presented the collection to the Smithsonian Institution, which now possesses 113,000 species of insects and 2,500,000 specimens.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

T. Lodge's Metamorphosis, 1589	£650
A drawing by Edwin Alexander	£262
Set of six Hepplewhite chairs	£210
A 15th-century manuscript	£196
A classical vase of about 550 B.C.	£180
An early Chippendale armchair	£130
The World, a rare pamphlet, 1601	£96
A Charles II hall clock	£84
An old Dutch china cabinet	£63
Pair of 1861 4d. Cape stamps	£60
Sketch book of Burne-Jones	£45

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

## Disraeli's Prophecy

On December 7, 1837, Benjamin Disraeli made his maiden speech.

Macaulay was admirable, but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This entre nous. I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come!

DISRAELI

I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me.

DISRAELI IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. It was like my debut at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through it all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished with spirit when I found a formal display was ineffectual. My party backed me well.

DISRAELI TO HIS SISTER

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

## What is a Privateer?

A privately-owned vessel armed and authorised by letters of marque to prey on enemy ships. Privateers, once common, are now a thing of the past.

## What Was the Name of the Former Russian Parliament?

The Duma, created August 6, 1905, and numbering 442 members, elected indirectly for five years.

## What is Enceladus?

Enceladus is the name given to one of the satellites of Saturn, discovered in 1789 by Sir William Herschel. It is about 800 miles in diameter.

## Is the Star Sirius Farther Away from Us Than the Sun?

Sirius is 8½ light-years away; a light-year being 5,876,068,880,000 miles. The Sun is only 92,830,000 miles from the Earth.

## What are Treasury Bonds?

Forms of security issued by the British Treasury, the money borrowed being for a definite number of years. For instance, the 5½ per cent Treasury Bonds issued in 1921 are repayable in 1929.

## How Can I Keep a Tortoise in Winter?

If you have a garden simply leave the tortoise alone and it will bury itself more or less and remain dormant till spring, eating no food. If you have only a yard put it in a large box with plenty of dead leaves.

## Why is Gravitation Less on Mars than on the Earth?

A planet's size and mass determine the intensity of the gravitational pull at its surface, and the mass of Mars being one-tenth of the Earth's its pull is less.

## What Does the German Word Reich Mean?

The word means Empire, and is derived from another word meaning rule. Although the Emperor has disappeared, the word Reich, or Empire, is still used for the German Commonwealth.

## What are Vitamins?

Vitamins are substances discovered in recent years to be present in foods in very small quantities but exercising a powerful influence on nutrition. Fresh fruits and vegetables and especially cod liver oil are rich in vitamins.

## What Sort of Animal is the Lemming?

The lemming is a rodent, related to the short-tailed field-mouse. It is something like the vole but of heavier build, and its feet have longer claws, while their soles are covered with hair. The tail of the lemming is very short and its nose is blunt.

## Why Does the Greek Letter Pi in Mathematics Represent 3½?

Pi was selected in 1748 by Euler to represent the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, but the choice of this particular letter was probably quite arbitrary; 3½ is only an approximation to pi for working purposes. It has been worked out to 707 decimal places, and for 12 decimal places it is 3.141592653589.

## THE PATH OF MARS WHY HE APPEARS TO MOVE

## Giant Star 120 Times Brighter Than Our Sun

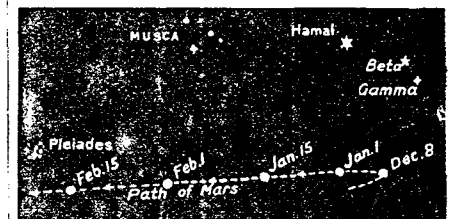
## THE RAM IN THE SKY

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Wednesday, December 8, Mars will appear stationary in the heavens, that is, relative to the other celestial bodies, after travelling for two months in a retrograde direction, toward the right.

So after next Wednesday Mars will resume his direct journey to the left, which he appeared to abandon on October 1, and during the coming months will rapidly approach the Pleiades star cluster, passing to the south of them in February.

This apparent progress of Mars among the stars of the constellation of Aries will be very interesting to watch



The path of Mars through Aries, showing his position on various dates

from week to week. Of course he is not really travelling among the stars, except in the sense that the Earth and the whole Solar System is travelling. This apparent retrograde motion of Mars is due to perspective, the result of the combined motions of our Earth and Mars, the effect being very similar to that of a train which appears to go backward when we, in a faster one, are passing it.

Actually all the stars apparently near Mars are at terrific distances beyond him. Hamal, the brightest of them, may be readily identified almost due north of Mars at the present time, and about sixteen times the Moon's apparent width away. This star, a magnificent sun, radiating about 120 times the light and apparently nearly 100 times the heat of our Sun, is 9 million times as far off as Mars; indeed, if a dot smaller than a full-stop were placed on a sheet of paper to represent the Earth, and another still smaller one placed a foot away to represent Mars, Hamal should be represented by a glowing globe about the size of a football placed 1700 miles away. So may we obtain an idea of their relative sizes and distances and the vast void of space.

## Five Minutes and 74 Years

The light from Hamal has been 74 years reaching us, according to the latest trigonometrical measurements, whereas the light from Mars has taken but five minutes to cross the 55 million miles at present between him and our Earth.

Beta in Aries is another interesting sun to the right of Hamal; it is much smaller but more than twice as hot, and is calculated to be about double the diameter of our Sun. Being some 3,600,000 times as far away, Beta's light takes 57 years to get here, and it only appears as a third-magnitude star.

Gamma in Aries, the fainter fourth-magnitude star, and apparently only three times the Moon's width away from Beta, is composed of two suns, which may be seen in a small telescope.

Gamma is chiefly interesting as being one of the first double stars to be discovered, the astronomer Dr. Hooke noting it in 1664 when following a comet with the very inferior telescopes of those days.

These are the chief stars of the constellation of Aries, the Ram, which was once the first constellation of the Zodiac, but is now the second, although the Sign of Aries still remains the first. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mercury and Saturn south-east. In the evening Jupiter south-west, Mars and Uranus south.



# S.O.S.

## CHAPTER 26 The Unpleasant Mr. Aplin

JIM stood with Greg Thorold on the upper deck of the Chester Castle as she steamed down channel. He pointed to the line of dark cliffs away to the east.

"If we had a good glass you could almost see Polcapple," he said. "Should we see Sam, I wonder?" said Greg.

Jim shook his head. "It beats me what's become of him. The only thing I can imagine is that he had some sort of trouble with Mrs. Trant when he got back to the house, and that he cleared out and went straight to the fishing."

"You don't think that fellow Sneed could have had anything to do with Sam's not turning up?" suggested Greg.

"No. It was Sam who caught Sneed, and Sneed is thoroughly scared of him. Of course Sneed is spiteful as a cat, and would do Sam an ill turn if he had the chance; but I can't think of any way in which he could have prevented his coming."

"It's poor luck," said Greg.

"Dreadful!" groaned Jim. "You simply can't think what a good pal Sam has been to me all these years. You ought to have seen the way he saved me when we were climbing down that cliff and the bush I was hanging to came out."

"I spotted him for one of the best," agreed Greg. "He struck me as being such a straight chap."

"The straightest ever. I'd give all I've got to have him here." And Jim stood staring silently at the coast that slipped by so fast.

Greg saw how troubled he was, and felt very sorry for him; but as he could find nothing to say to comfort him he presently moved away.

While Jim missed Sam badly and thought of him often he couldn't help enjoying the voyage. Everything around him was new and interesting, but what he was keenest on was the ship's wireless. The Chester Castle, like all big ships, carried two wireless men. One of these, Frank Robson, a neat, dark-eyed little man, was a thoroughly good sort and took a great fancy to Jim. On the third day out Jim, who had been told by Robson that he could come into the wireless cabin any time that he, Robson, was on duty, tapped at the door about ten in the morning and walked in. To his surprise Robson was not there, and the man who sat at the phones was long lank, and tow-headed.

He turned and stared hard at Jim, who at once began to apologise. "I'm so sorry. I thought it was Robson's spell," he said.

"It doesn't matter whose spell it is," returned the other sourly. "Passengers have no business in the wireless room."

"I'm not an ordinary passenger," explained Jim. "I'm on a wireless job myself."

The long man took off his phones. "A nipper like you!" he remarked, so scornfully that Jim's cheeks went red.

"It's quite true," replied Jim sharply. "If you don't believe me you can ask Professor Thorold."

"I'll be sure to," sneered the other. "Meantime, get out of here." "You may be jolly sure I shan't trouble you again," retorted Jim hotly. "I prefer people with decent manners."

The long man jumped up. "Get out of this!" he ordered very angrily. "Get out before I put you out, you cheeky brat!"

Jim did not move, but stood facing the man with a quiet resolution which somehow checked the other.

"Good-morning," said Jim at last. "Many thanks for your kindness and courtesy."

Then he turned and went quietly out, closing the door carefully behind him.

Later in the day Robson found Jim sitting in a deck-chair, studying a Spanish grammar.

## The Wireless Mystery By T. C. Bridges

"I say, Selby," said Robson, "what have you been doing to Aplin?"

"Aplin?" repeated Jim. "Is he the other wireless man?"

"Yes, and he's pretty wroth with you."

"I think it's I who ought to be wroth," replied Jim. "I'll tell you what happened."

Robson listened, then nodded.

"You're right, Selby. Aplin was most offensive, and thoroughly deserved all you said to him. But he's a sour-tempered fellow, and I should advise you not to have more to do with him than you can help."

"You can be quite certain I shan't speak to him again unless he apologises," said Jim.

## CHAPTER 27 A Change of Plans

MUCH to Jim's astonishment, Aplin did apologise.

"Robson tells me you're a bit of an expert, Selby," he said.

"I'm sorry I was rude to a brother of the craft, but the fact is I had a touch of fever and was a bit off my balance. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Of course," said Jim readily. "Please don't say anything more about it."

He was glad the man had apologised, but he did not like him and wished he would clear out. Aplin, however, sat down and began to talk and ask questions. Jim did not say more than he could help, but he had to try to be civil, and in the end the long man got a good deal of information out of him. Then Greg came up and, to Jim's relief, Aplin went off.

"Queer-looking bird that, Jim," said Greg, as he watched the long fellow go shambling down the deck, and Jim agreed. Then they began to talk about the trip, and Jim forgot all about Aplin.

The rest of the voyage passed pleasantly enough, except that the weather was unusually bad and that south of the Equator they ran into a stiff gale from the south which slowed the ship down to six knots. So they were two days late getting into Rio.

Rio Harbour is one of the most lovely in the world, and early on a perfect morning Jim stood on deck and gazed with delight at the wonderful green mountains rising out of the intense blue of the sea. The big ship steamed steadily in, and presently they were lying alongside a great wharf, where scores of black-faced stevedores were ready to begin the unloading.

Professor Thorold came up to Jim. "Have you got all your stuff ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Everything is packed." "Then as soon as we are through the Customs we will go to the Alcazar Hotel."

There was trouble at the Custom House, for Mr. Thorold had brought a lot of stuff for the expedition, and the Customs people wanted to charge a big duty on it. Mr. Thorold spoke to Jim:

"Greg and I are going to the British Consul to get his advice about these cases. You take the personal luggage to the hotel, order rooms, and wait till we come."

So presently Jim found himself in a taxi which might almost have come out of Regent Street, and with all the smaller packages drove off to the hotel. It was very hot, and he was glad when he reached the Alcazar and got unloaded. He took rooms, looked at them to see they were all right, then came down and, seating himself in the hall, ordered an iced orangeade.

It was a delicious drink, and he had just finished sipping it through a straw when a bell-boy came up.

"Ees your name Selby, señor?" he asked in pretty good English, and when Jim told him it was the boy informed him that someone wanted him on the telephone.

"Is that Mr. Selby?" came a voice that was strange to Jim.

"Selby speaking," answered Jim.

"I am Mr. Price, speaking from the Consular Office for Professor Thorold. He has gone down to the harbour with my chief. He finds it will be necessary to stay a week in Rio, and as the heat is so great he is going to a private hotel on the high ground in Tres Montes. He says you are to take the case containing your aerial and wireless set, go to the hotel, and set it up there."

"Very good," replied Jim.

"What is the address?"

"No. 3, Calle Constantino, Tres Montes. Have you got it?"

Jim jotted it down. "I have it, thank you. Am I to stay there?"

"Yes. Professor Thorold will join you later in the day. Good-bye."

"Stay a week!" said Jim to himself as he walked slowly back to the office. "That's a nuisance." He spoke to the clerk, who was an American. "Can I order a taxi?"

"Sure!" was the answer. "There's one at the door right now."

It was quite a distance up the slopes behind the town, and Jim had time to look round. He was surprised at the splendid shops and the equally splendid motor-cars. The size of the city, too, astonished him.

At last the cab turned into a side road with a very bad surface. Here the houses were some distance apart, each standing back from the road in gardens full of trees. The driver pulled up at the gate of one of these houses, and Jim got out.

"Tres, Calle Constantino?" he asked, to make sure.

"Si, Señor," replied the driver, and put out his hand for the fare. Jim saw a man coming from the house to the gate, so, after signing to the driver to unload his case, he paid him and let him go.

## CHAPTER 28 Barred and Bolted

THE man who opened the gate was a stocky sort of person who looked more like a warehouse porter than a house servant.

"I'll carry the case in, sir," he said.

"Why, you're English!" exclaimed Jim in surprise.

"Yes, sir. Name of Drew. We are all English here. I reckon that is why Mr. Thorold chose this place to stay in."

"I'm glad," said Jim. "Can you help me in with the case?"

"Don't trouble. I can carry it," said the man, and as he spoke he shouldered the case and walked up the path.

Jim followed him into a good-sized but rather bare-looking hall. "Where'll you have this?" asked the man.

"It's a wireless outfit," Jim told him. "Did Mr. Thorold arrange about a room?"

"Yes, it's up at the top, sir," replied the other, and led the way

upstairs. The house was only two storeys, and Jim's guide showed him into a small room with a window facing out at the back. "This is the place," he said. "There's a trapdoor in the roof, and you can fix your aerial as you like. I'll bring you a ladder and any tools you want."

Drew was most obliging, and Jim was pleased to think that the Professor had found such a good house to stay in. His present job was to get the wireless set up, and if possible get into touch with Upton. It would cheer him no end to know they were in Brazil. So he set to work. The roof was flat, and Drew helped him set up a pole. Drew seemed to know something about the job, and told Jim that he had served his time in an engineering shop.

When the pole was fixed Jim told Drew that he could finish by himself. The fact was that, though he had no reason to distrust the man, he did not want him to see the details of the aerial. So Drew took himself off, and Jim went on alone.

In an hour he had everything to his liking, and he sat down and put on the earphones to see what he could get. He knew, of course, that it was no use calling Upton till after nightfall. He soon had proof that the set was working all right, for he began to get Morse from ships at sea.

Presently Drew knocked.

"Come after the ladder, sir," he explained. "I want to clean some windows." He took it and went.

By this time it was nearly one o'clock, and presently Jim began to wonder if there were any chance of luncheon. Come to think of it, he had not seen anyone about the place except Drew, and the house had been wonderfully quiet all the time he had been working.

"I'll go down and have a look round," he said aloud, and, laying the phones aside, got up, switched off, and went to the door.

He turned the handle, but the door would not open. He tried again, only to find that it was fast.

"Must have stuck," he grumbled, and pulled with all his might. Then he bent down and had a look at the lock.

"Why, the key's turned!" he exclaimed. Even now he was not uneasy, for his idea was that someone passing, and not knowing that he was in the room, had turned the key.

Jim looked for a bell, but there was none. Then he went to the window, only to find that it was barred. And these bars, unlike those in Gadsden's house at Polcapple, were bedded in solid concrete.

At last an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong began to come over him, but it was not until he remembered that the man Drew had taken away the step-ladder, and so had left him no means of reaching the trap in the roof, that he decided he was really being kept a prisoner.

Naturally the first person who came to his mind was Gadsden, but second thoughts suggested that this was impossible, for Robson had told him only the previous evening that the La Plata had also been delayed by storm, and had only got into Pernambuco three days before the Chester Castle reached Rio. Even if Gadsden had come on in her he would not reach Rio for another forty-eight hours.

Then another idea came to him. It was on the cards that Gadsden had friends in Rio, in which case he might have wirelessed to them to catch him, Jim. Of course he would have had to do it in cipher.

But Jim did not waste much time in thinking. After all, he had his tools, and surely he could either pick the lock or cut through a panel of the door. He started at once, but had hardly begun operations before quick steps came up the passage and the key turned in the lock. The door opened, and Jim could hardly believe his eyes when Gadsden himself, looking even bigger than usual in a suit of white duck, walked into the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Dog's Acre

HUNDREDS of years ago old Abbot Anselm lay dying in his cell in the monastery. A severe, saintly old man was he, beloved of all who knew him, with only one weakness.

At that moment his weakness was curled up at the foot of the bed, with nose pillowed on his master's foot—Fidèle, a small white greyhound.

He had been the Abbot's unfailing companion for fifteen years. Anselm had saved him from being drowned as a puppy, and in return Fidèle had yielded him all the devotion a dog can give, and had done his best to lighten the austerity of his master's monastic life.

For him he leaped and scampered in the heyday of youth; gave a paw and begged at the refectory meals; waited patiently by the church gate, paced in the cloisters, with his nose touching the grey habit of the Abbot. Indeed, the faithful creature followed his master about like a shadow.

And now in the sick chamber Fidèle had stayed night and day, pulling his master's sleeve, coaxing him to rise, settling down at last in his accustomed nook on the bedclothes between the Abbot's feet.

"I should be quite at peace, and ready to depart, were it not for this faithful creature," said Anselm to the monks around him. "I cannot bear the thought of leaving him behind. What will he do when he cannot find me?"

"Father, he will be my care," said the sub-prior.

He stooped to pat the dog, then withdrew his hand with a sharp exclamation.

"Father, the last frail link which bound you to Earth is severed. Fidèle is dead!"

There was a silence.

"Bury him with me," said the Abbot faintly.

"Father, he will lie with you in the church on a grand tomb," promised the monks—"you in your abbot's robes and Fidèle at your feet, all sculptured in fine Italian marble."

"No, bury him with me in the open churchyard," repeated Anselm.

"In consecrated ground?" they asked in shocked surprise. Surely the saintly old man was wandering in his mind.

"I will atone for it and buy my poor Fidèle a grave," said the Abbot. "One acre of land I bequeath to the poor of this hamlet to purchase his right not to be parted from me. Let the plot of ground be planted with fruit trees, apple, cherry, and plum, and let it be known as the Dog's Acre for all time."

"It shall be so," promised the monks, trembling at their own audacity.

In a village of Devon there is a spot known as the Dog's Acre Orchard to this day. One wonders if sometimes a little white hound, following a grey monk, may be seen walking beneath the fruit trees in the glimpses of the Moon.



## The Best Gift Books for Xmas

Any one of the jolly books mentioned below makes an ideal Christmas Present. They are all strongly bound with bright-coloured covers and the majority of the pictures are COLOURED too! Any newsagent or bookseller has them.

### BRUIN BOYS' ANNUAL

Tales to Read to Little People

### MRS. HIPPO'S ANNUAL

Pictures and Stories of Tiger Tilly

### RAINBOW ANNUAL

Pictures and Stories of Tiger Tim

### BUBBLES ANNUAL

Pictures and Fairy Stories

### CHICKS' OWN ANNUAL

For VERY Little Children

3/6 net each





# A Merry Heart Will Laugh at Care



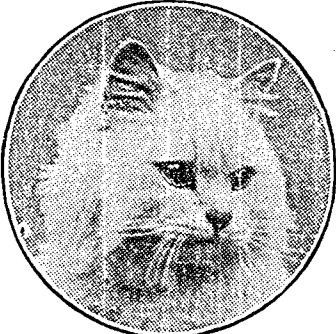
## THE BRAN TUB

### Jumbled Trades.

WHEN the letters in the following jumbled words are arranged in their proper order they will spell the names of eight trades. Answer next week

NETARN TAPERCREN  
PROMOTISCO VESTOREDE  
FACICLEIRE SCHMITKALB  
FACEHURUF REINGEEN

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



A Chinchilla Cat

The chinchilla cat is the most valuable variety of the Persian breed. Its long fur is a dull silver colour, and its eyes are green.

### Is Your Name Ackroyd?

ACKROYD is a surname taken from a place. A royd was a clearing in the wood and "ack" means an oak. Thus Ackroyd was a clearing in an oak wood, and doubtless the first holder of the name had made his home in such a clearing.

### Ici on Parle Français

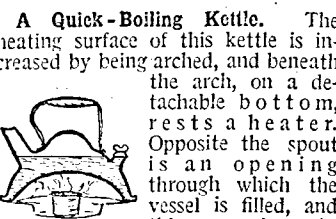


La courroie Le canari Le mouchoir  
La courroie sert à serrer un objet  
Le canari est triste dans sa cage  
J'ai trouvé un mouchoir de dentelle

### Things Just Patented

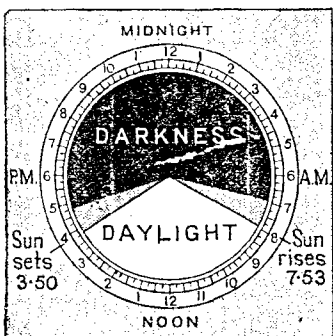
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**Egg-Testing Lights.** A strip of rubber having finger-holes has three electric lamps attached which shine their light between the fingers and on to eggs held in the hand. By picking up three eggs at a time the expert can tell at a glance the approximate age of each.



**A Quick-Boiling Kettle.** The heating surface of this kettle is increased by being arched, and beneath the arch, on a detachable bottom, rests a heater. Opposite the spout is an opening through which the vessel is filled, and this opening is placed low enough to allow a space for steam above the water-level and also to allow the steam to escape through the spout.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

SKYLARKS are now beginning to collect in flocks. The polyanthus is found in flower in sheltered situations. The Christmas rose is in blossom. The brimstone butterfly, which is hibernating, is sometimes found moving about if the sun is warm. When leaves are moved many butterfly pupae are to be found if looked for.



Looking South  
5 p.m. Dec. 9

### Double Upright Acrostic

IN this puzzle the left-hand upright spells the name of a famous preacher, and the right-hand upright spells the name of what he wrote. Here are the clues:

A great English poet; a body of armed men; a public vehicle; another public vehicle; the realisation of ambition.

Answer next week

### How Cervantes Wrote His Name

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA will be remembered for all time as the author of Don Quixote.

After a stormy youth, during which he spent five years as a prisoner of Algerian corsairs, he gave himself to literature in Madrid. He regarded his many plays and short novels as his serious work, and wrote Don Quixote spasmodically as a recreation and merely to amuse.

Cervantes was born in 1547 and died in 1616. This is how he wrote his name:

*Miguel de Cervantes*

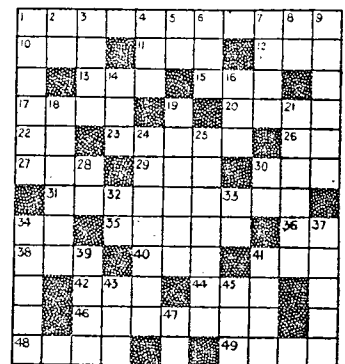
### Choosing a Colour

WHEN selecting any coloured material, whether this is a cloth or wallpaper, it is a great mistake to pass rapidly from one shade to another. The bright colours leave an impression on the eye which persists for a minute, or even longer. This confuses the colour sense so that the different shades cannot be correctly determined.

A safeguard is to examine each piece of material in conjunction with something of a neutral grey. Rest the eyes now and again on the grey to counteract the impression left by the last bright tint.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 53 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Goods for sale. 10. To grow old. 11. A High Priest. 12. A stick. 13. Fresh. 15. A constellation. 17. A season. 20. Entangle. 22. The thing in question. 23. Big. 26. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 27. A light sleep. 29. Leguminous plant. 30. A cushion. 31. A custodian. 34. Interjection calling attention. 25. City of Piedmont. 36. Symbol for the king. 38. A deed. 40. Private (abbrev.). 41. Tract of open ground. 42. Spanish for river. 44. Eggs. 46. Demands persistently. 43. Song of praise. 49. A container.

**Reading Down.** 1. A swallow. 2. For example. 3. Tear. 4. Chop. 5. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 6. Nothing. 7. A metal. 8. Thus. 9. Prepared for press. 14. Snake-like fish. 16. Also. 18. Sloping type. 19. To contend with. 21. A juicy fruit. 24. In respect of. 25. Elastic bands. 28. Greek letter P. 30. Child's name for father. 32. Learned degree (abbrev.). 33. Iowa (abbrev.). 34. Incubate. 37. Elevate. 39. Neat. 41. Town on Lake Maggiore. 43. Hostelry. 45. Officers Training Corps (abbrev.). 47. Exists.

## Jacko in the Air

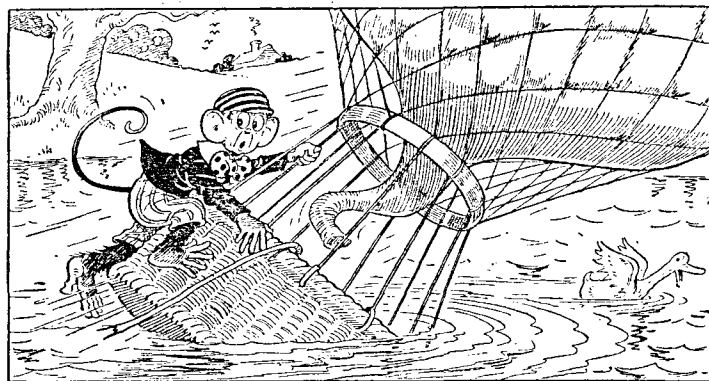
JACKO was prowling round the town one day when he suddenly caught sight of rich old Mr. Ringtail, who was about to cross the road. The old gentleman was very deaf, so he didn't hear a motor that came whizzing round the corner, and if Jacko hadn't pulled him back on to the pavement he would certainly have been run over.

As it was he was only very much startled, and when he recovered from the shock he thanked Jacko with tears in his eyes. "Take this as a reward for your kind deed," he said; and he hobbled into his house, leaving Jacko staring at a beautiful gold watch.

It was a beauty! Jacko simply couldn't take his eyes off it. "It must be Mr. Ringtail's own watch," he said, in an awestruck whisper.

Somebody else seemed to be of the same opinion. Suddenly a big hand came over Jacko's shoulder, and a gruff voice exclaimed: "Been robbing Mr. Ringtail, have you? I thought so. Just you come along with me to the police-station!"

And when Jacko turned his head there was the biggest and most unpleasant policeman in Monkeyville.



The balloon came down in a pond

"I tell you Mr. Ringtail gave me the watch!" he said frantically. "I've just saved his life."

The policeman gave a loud guffaw.

"That's good!" he said. "Tell that to the magistrate." And he seized hold of Jacko's collar and began to drag him away. But Jacko was too quick for him. He suddenly butted the policeman and dashed off down the road and across some fields.

The policeman was after him in a twinkling. Although he was big and burly, he could run very fast, and, as he raised a hue and cry, a lot of other people joined in the chase, and Jacko soon found himself in a tight corner.

But, as luck would have it, a captive balloon was moored in one of the fields, and when Jacko found himself surrounded he made a dash for it and began swarming up the rope.

"I'll beat them all yet!" he said to himself with a grin.

But he had reckoned without the policeman, who began climbing up the rope after him.

It was a fearful moment, and Jacko was at his wits' end to know what to do; but suddenly he had a brain-wave. He fished out his pocket-knife and neatly cut through the rope below him.

The policeman fell back on the grass with an angry roar. But Jacko had been rather too clever, for of course he had cut the balloon adrift, and it began slowly to rise.

Jacko had to hang on to the rope for dear life, but he managed to wave his hand to the policeman as he sailed away.

It was the finest ride he had ever had in his life, and though the balloon came down in a pond ten miles away Jacko thought it was well worth it.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### A Charade. Miss-i-on-aries

##### Heads and Tails

Plane—planet, nail—snail, tap—tape, ink—pink, can—scan, oar—boar.

#### A Riddle in Rhyme. Bon-bon

##### Changeling

Lake, lane, lone, bone, bond, pond  
Who Was He?  
The Master Statesman of Greece was Pericles.

#### Three Good Things

THE effect of good advice depends nearly always on the way in which it is given.

The sluggard is always longing for something to do.

Do not allow your tongue to run ahead of your thoughts.

## Aunt Agnes Reads a Long, Long Tale



To sleepy Dick Aunt Agnes cried,  
"Tis early yet for bed;  
Come sit and listen at my side  
Until this tale I've read."

The tale was very, very long,  
And Dick, to keep awake,  
Stared at his aunt till—was he  
wrong?—  
There must be some mistake!

Her specs still round and rounder  
grew,  
The chair and footstool fade,  
And auntie dear from top to toe  
In feathers is arrayed!

At length, alarmed, he cannot keep  
From one long, frightened howl,  
He wakes—to find he'd been to sleep  
And dreamed she was an OWL!

## DR MERRYMAN

"Now, boy," said the wealthy motorist stopping at the way-side garage, "some petrol, quick! You'll never get on unless you push. That's how I got my money—by pushing. Come on!"

"Sorry, sir," said the lad, "but we haven't a drop of petrol left, so I think you'll have to push again!"

### A Cure for a Bad Memory



### Snorum.

BY Mother Hubbard I've been sent  
To buy—oh, where's my wit?  
I have a memory, of course,  
But nothing sticks in it!

### The Brownie Joiner.

In that case, if I may advise,  
I'll tell you what to do.  
To make your errands a success  
You'd better buy some glue!

### A Clever Horse

FROM a small boy's essay on a V.C. cavalryman's exploit: "He rode recklessly forward through a hail of bullets. Two horses were shot under him and a third went through his clothes."

### Why is a secret like silence?

Because you cannot talk about it and keep it.

### Change of Tune

SAID an Ass to the farm-folk,  
"With me  
I am sure in the main you'll agree  
That 'Hee-haw' is a bore,  
So I'll use it no more—  
I'll remark for the future 'Haw-hee'!"

### The Silent Couple

A LADY and gentleman were fishing, sitting side by side with their eyes fixed on the float. A passer-by watched them, and after a while addressed the man:

"No bite?" No answer. "You haven't a bite, sir?" Silence. "It should bite in this kind of weather."

The wife turned round, pointing to her husband, and said:

"He is dumb."

"I am sorry; I did not know. But you madam, tell me if the fish bite."

Another silence.

"I don't see you get one fish, and you should in this weather," insisted the passer-by. No answer. "I can't think why they do not rise; what do you say?"

This time the husband turned round, pointed to his wife, and made signs which meant that she was deaf.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

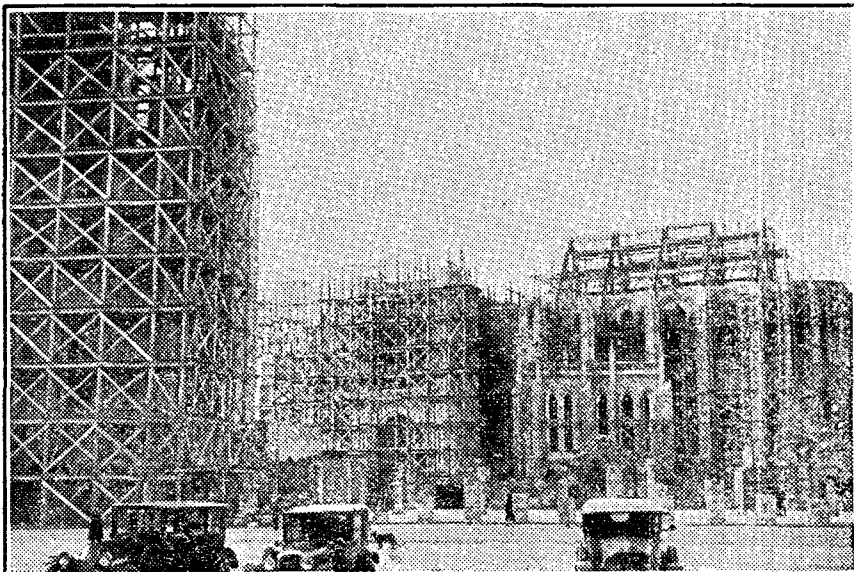
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 4, 1926

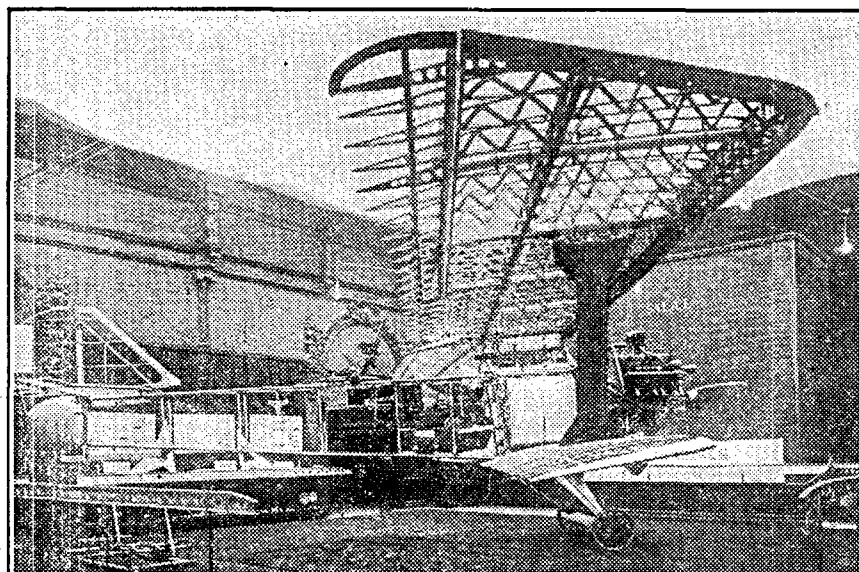
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

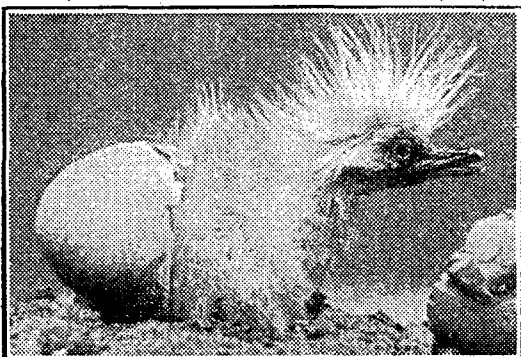
## THE NEW YPRES • THE PEACE TANK • GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS



**Ypres Cloth Hall in Splints**—The work of rebuilding Ypres still goes on, and in this picture we see how the ruined tower of the Cloth Hall is hidden by a maze of scaffolding. The building on the right is the new cathedral, with which great progress has been made.



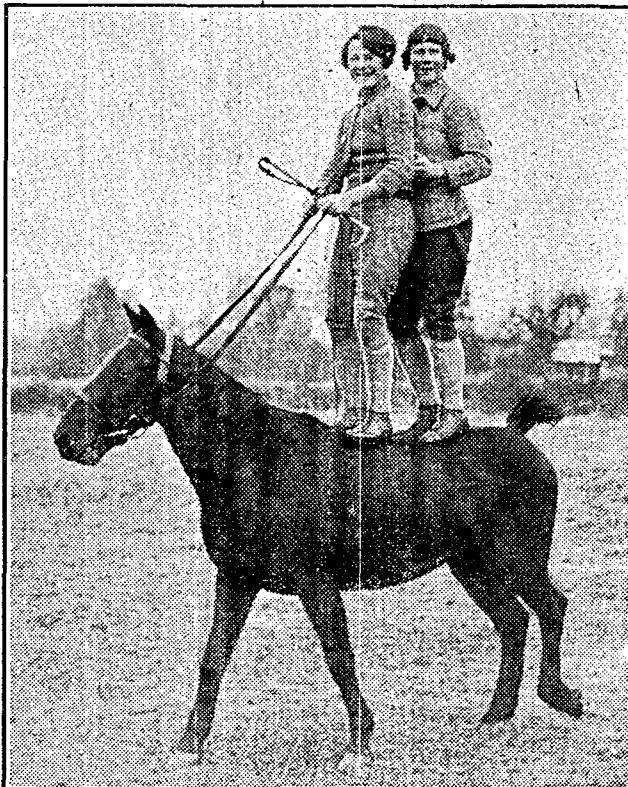
**The Skeleton of a Metal Aeroplane**—At a recent exhibition of aircraft in Madrid one of the most important exhibits was the framework of this big all-metal aeroplane. It has been built in order that Spanish airmen may attempt to set up long-distance flying records.



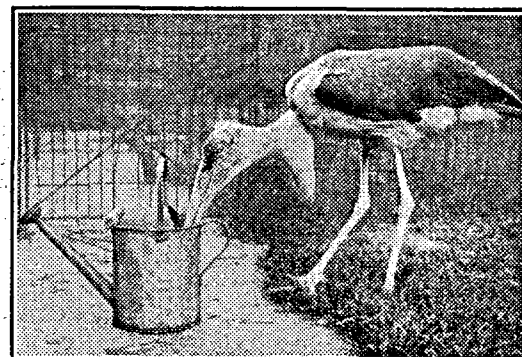
**The Little Heron**—This picture of a heron emerging from its egg looks very lifelike, but actually it is a stuffed specimen in the Stepney Borough Museum, East London.



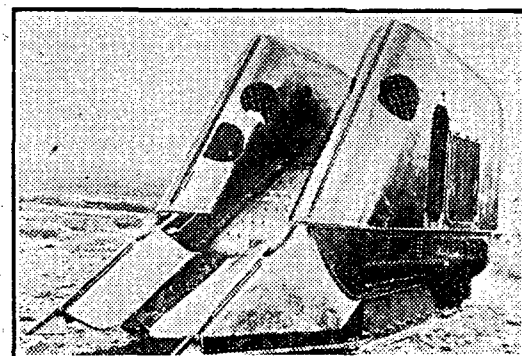
**London's New Park**—This picture shows part of Norwood Grove, the beautiful estate which the Prince of Wales recently opened as a public park. Although it is less than six miles from Charing Cross, cuckoos, jays, woodpeckers, blue tits, and many other birds are found here.



**Standing Room for Two on a Horse**—The two girls in this picture are Mary and Joyce Seaton, the daughters of a Buckinghamshire farmer, and, though one is 18 and the other only 14, they have already won over two hundred prizes for their skill in riding. Here we see how easy it is for them to stand up on the back of a horse.



**Behind the Keeper's Back**—When a keeper at the Zoo happened to put down his watering-can this marabout took a drink, prompted by curiosity rather than thirst.



**Germany's Peace Tank**—This is not a new armoured car but a machine for reaping sugar-cane which has just been built in Germany for use in Java. Two circular saws cut the cane, which is then carried through the reaper on an endless band and discharged at the back.



**Making Thousands of Christmas Puddings**—Many people have given up making their own Christmas puddings as they can buy excellent ones in the shops. Here we see the busy scene in one of the kitchens of a big firm which makes many thousands of Christmas puddings.



**Giant Bell to be Recast**—York Minster's eleven-ton bell, Great Peter, is to be recast at Loughborough, and it took three hours to lower it 140 feet from its tower. In this picture we see the Dean, on the left, taking a last look at the bell in its old form. See page 5.

## THE KINEMA IN ITS STONE AGE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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